LAWN TENNIS

AT HOME AND ABROAD

Photo. Lafin.

MR. HUGH LAWRENCE DOHERTY,
Champion of England, 1902.

LAWN TENNIS
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ON THE GAME

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EDITOR'S NOTE

In case any ardent player of lawn tennis in some distant corner of the earth should feel aggrieved because no mention is made of his or her club in the following pages, let me say that this volume does not pretend to embrace *each and every* country or colony where the game finds favour. The necessity for drawing the line somewhere, for dealing only with lawn tennis where important Championship matches take place—apart from exigences of space—is the only reason why fields like South Africa and Jamaica, to name but two, have been reluctantly excluded.

Another point to which reference may briefly be made is the general character of the volume, and the omission of certain historical facts and tabular statements which some readers may have expected. This work is not intended, nor ever was intended, to augment the excellent series of treatises and handbooks which have periodically been published. Rather is it produced for the benefit of all lawn tennis votaries, players and spectators alike, who may desire to know something, both by pen and picture, of the conditions under which the game is organised and

contested in other lands besides their own, while at the same time providing them with interesting information regarding the pastime at home.

My grateful thanks are due to the numerous friends who, often by the expense of considerable time and trouble, have procured photographs to illustrate various scenes in the text; and in this connection I am especially indebted to Mr. G. W. Hillyard and Mr. R. B. Hough, who unreservedly placed their albums at my disposal; to Mr. E. Burford Morrison, and to Mr. J. M. Flavelle, who, with untiring zeal, obtained many excellent snapshots from abroad. There are others, too numerous to mention by name, who have kindly lent individual photographs for reproduction.

Every care has been taken in the preparation of this book not to omit the names of leading players whose exploits on the courts entitle them to notice, but it may be that here and there—especially in foreign lands—someone has been overlooked. If this should be the case, let him or her remember that fame often goes unsung, and that the pages of the official "Lawn Tennis Handbook" will render tribute where tribute is due.

A. W. M.

LONDON, *April, 1903.*

LAWN TENNIS

AT HOME AND ABROAD

CHAPTER I

THE OLD SCHOOL AND THE NEW

By H. S. MAHONY

WIDELY divergent opinions are held as to the relative strength of past and present players, and everyone is naturally inclined to consider the various cracks encountered better than those of an earlier or later period. I shall endeavour as far as possible to give an impartial account of the various methods of playing the game, and the players who developed them. But I do not propose to give a history of the game, for this has already been efficiently done by more than one writer on the subject. I shall endeavour to give a description of the chief exponents of the various schools of play, and the merits and demerits of their various systems. I have omitted the names of many excellent players, touching only on those whom I consider to have influenced the development of lawn tennis.

There is no game in which there is so much variety of style, strokes and tactics, which causes many detractors of the game to say that it is "unscientific" and can be played "anyhow"! This view is to a measure encouraged

Photo, Stereoscopic Co.

REV. J. T. HARTLEY,
Champion of England, 1879-80.

by the attitude of mind of some players. At all ball games it is possible to play a strong game in bad style. Even at tennis and golf, where a certain stereotyped style is accepted as correct, and insisted on as the only road to success, many players will be found who, while their methods are anything but orthodox, are still very hard to beat. Yet no one supposes that good style is not a great advantage.

But a lawn tennis player who has been successful naturally resents adverse criticism of his methods, and if these differ widely from the classical, he must either admit them to be faulty, or deny that correct style exists. The fact that many different types of stroke are useful and effective, only shows of what development and variety the game is capable. Unfortunately life is too short to master all the strokes which might be used with advantage, and the player who tries to do so too often becomes "Jack of all trades and master of none."

At first lawn tennis was entirely in the hands of tennis and racket players, who seemed to think that in cutting the ball heavily lay the road to success. As the object of cut at Tennis is to bring the ball down off the back wall, and as a lawn tennis court has none, such a method would seem to be lacking in common sense. The "Badminton Library" on the game describes a practice match which took place at Wimbledon between H. F. Lawford and J. M. Heathcote, the Amateur Tennis Champion. Lawford is said to have been much puzzled

by the cut stroke and service, losing game after game at the start. As he was rather a clumsy player, this can be readily understood, for off the low treacherous bound of a cut ball it is difficult to make a hard drive. But to expect him to go on misjudging the same stroke indefinitely was hoping for too much, and Lawford is subsequently said to have easily defeated his opponent. In modern days the cut stroke has been used very artistically by some players. Employing the usual top-cut ball on most occasions, they would undercut the ball when coming in to volley, the change of pace and bound considerably cramping their opponents' passing shots.

I do not propose to start with that early period when the game had not been exploited, but rather to begin with the Renshaw and Lawford era, when lawn tennis proper may be said to have begun. There can be no doubt that the game was made by the Renshaws. Before this, certainty of return was the chief and only important factor. With the soft and irregular bounding balls of that day it was very difficult to kill by driving, and as no one could volley properly, we are told that in a championship match there were over eighty returns in one rest. By introducing the volley, the Renshaws at once put an end to mere return, also to all the cuts and twists which

MR. H. F. LAWFORD,
Champion of England, 1887.

had been considered effective, and now the base line player had to evolve some method of defence against the new attack.

H. F. Lawford is generally credited with being the originator of severe base line play, and was certainly at that time the leader in this department of the game. His forehand drive was by far his best stroke, the ball being struck with a horizontal racket and near the top of the bound, and an upward movement at the moment of striking imparting considerable top spin to the ball, causing it to drop very rapidly after crossing the net. The advantages of this method were that the ball could be struck much higher and harder without going out of court when a full-length stroke was played, and the "duck" on the ball made it possible to play a much faster short cross when playing a volleyer.

This stroke has been so largely employed, and is so essentially a lawn tennis shot, that a further description of it may not be out of place. Nearly all the critics refer to this stroke as "of low trajectory," and as passing only inches over the net. I presume fla trajectory is what is meant. As a matter of fact, the trajectory is anything but flat. A rifle bullet is described as having a flat trajectory when the bullet drops but little. A projectile continuing indefinitely in a straight line would have an absolutely flat trajectory. But the "drop stroke," as it is called in America, has a very curved trajectory indeed, and to keep good length must be struck feet over the net, it being easily seen that the greater the "drop" the greater must be the elevation, supposing the velocity and length to remain constant.

This stroke has been at once the blessing and curse of lawn tennis players. Used by a Pim or a Larned it is a graceful and effective stroke, the ideal drive; although

Photo. J. Russell & Sons.

THE ENGLISH CHAMPIONSHIP AT WIMBLEDON: A MATCH IN THE EARLY EIGHTIES.

many of the best players have never employed it. But how many promising players have come to grief over it? Vainly endeavouring to get an unreasonable amount of top spin on the ball, all accuracy is thrown to the winds, all other strokes neglected, and a good player spoiled. At the same time a reasonable employment of this stroke is most effective, and great credit is due to Lawford for evolving it.

The rest of his game calls for little comment; his backhand was powerful and had top on it also, but he struck with a vertical racket, the elbow up in the air—an absolutely incorrect position, necessitating a lot of time in preparing for the stroke and debarring the striker from playing the ball above his shoulder. I think he would have been in trouble with a modern kicking service placed to his backhand, and a good volleyer at the net. His service delivered overhand was only a push, without any twist or kick; he could follow up a good drive to the net and kill the return if weak, but did not deal well with a low dropping stroke or a good length lob.

William Renshaw has been called the father of lawn tennis and he certainly deserves the title, being also the strongest and most brilliant player of his day. His game was absolutely different from that of his great rival Lawford; he used no top on his stroke, rather a slight undercut which caused the ball to skid on the ground, leaving it with a very low, fast hop. This was not done with a view to cutting the ball heavily, as at Tennis, but was rather incidental to his style of play. His main object seemed to be to hit the ball as soon as possible after it left the ground, giving his opponent little or no time to reach, much less to play the return. There has probably never been such a bustling player; his returns were a series of surprises; I am pretty sure his game

Photo, Chancellor.

MESSRS. WILLIAM AND ERNEST RENSHAW,
Doubles Champions of England Seven Years.

would have held its own anywhere. To anticipate where the ball would next be placed was an impossibility. Instead of getting back to play a return off the ground, he would often dart in and volley a good-length stroke almost from the back of the court, just as the striker was about to follow it up to the net, leaving the would-be volleyer helpless. No player who has not had personal experience of this stroke can imagine what it was like. How he had time to make up his mind to adopt this rapid change of position has always been a mystery to me, and only those who have tried to perform this manœuvre themselves can appreciate the quickness required for its execution.

Against Lawford, who was rather slow about the court, this style of play was most effective. Renshaw's service was properly delivered, which was by no means usual in those days; but in common with all players of that date, he never seemed to place it down the centre line. His first delivery was very fast, with a lot of kick and twist to the right in the righthand court, but the second would be considered weak according to modern standards. His backhand stroke down the line was superb, and has served as a model to many. Delivered with startling suddenness and with considerable cut, it would skid and die away upon the ground before there was time to realise what had happened. As he could cross it with equal ease and the same action, it was not surprising that his opponent could often do nothing but look at it.

It can easily be imagined that such play was most fascinating to the crowd, more especially as it was executed with a graceful ease and rapidity of movement that was quite unique. He threw an amount of fire and dash into his game which could hardly fail to rouse the dullest spectator.

Photo, J. Russell & Son.

MR. WILLIAM RENSHAW,
Champion of England, 1881-6 and 1889.

It has been the habit of many critics to deplore the want of brilliancy in more modern play when compared with the game of this period. One writer in particular, using a chess phrase, regretted the "bits of Morphy." The phrase is a very apt one. Many of Morphy's brilliant games have been shown to result in great part from weak moves on the part of his opponents, and would not be possible in modern chess. I shall endeavour to show that these very brilliant attacks must, as a rule, crumble before a steady and well-judged defence. But, indeed, counter attack would be a more correct term, as the chief object is never to play a weak short return, waiting till an opportunity offers to kill without undue risk.

It is just this undue risk which is the Achilles' heel of the very brilliant school; this was well illustrated in the encounters between W. Renshaw and W. J. Hamilton. These players met three times, and on each occasion the Irishman was victor.

He adopted the tactics which have always proved correct against a very hard hitter; speed of stroke was, to a large extent, sacrificed to length and pitch. To place the ball right in the corner, whether the stroke were fast or slow, was considered essential to success by the Irish players. I can distinctly remember, when competing in my first English Tournament, being much surprised at the short strokes that many of the competitors considered good enough to follow up to the net. Hamilton's drive was wonderfully safe and accurate, and, if the ball did not bound too high, a very fast stroke, but it was played mostly underhand, which prevented him taking the ball at or near the top of the bound, so that on a very fast court he had either to wait till the ball dropped or take it on the rise. The former method put him very far out of court, while

the latter was so risky that to employ it persistently was not to his taste. In practice I have seen him make fancy strokes as well as anyone, but he always maintained that the most important quality for match play was reliability of execution, and that to attempt *tours de force* with the ball, except when necessary, was to court disaster. Those who have had experience of match play can appreciate how sound is this advice.

One stroke of his, a very delicate short drop, was almost unique, and, made off the weak second services of those days, was deadly; but a good length delivery rendered this stroke impossible. I have seen him bring this stroke off frequently against both the Renshaws and Lewis, but I cannot recollect a single instance of his treating Pim's service in this manner. His backhand was safe, played with a certain amount of cut; he could place it down the line well, but the short cross stroke was weak.

His forehand volley deserves notice, being very severe and accurate. It was played correctly with the head of the racket well up, not with the now all-too-common round arm style, which must, of necessity, be inaccurate and unreliable.

W. J. HAMILTON PLAYING AT DUBLIN.

But to return to the Renshaw-Hamilton

matches. Off the very good length strokes of Hamilton, Renshaw now found that his winning shots could only be made at considerable risk, if they could be made at all. His opponent, by sacrificing some of his dash to method, and slogging to tactics, was content that the odds, on gaining the point, should be slightly in his favour, and his game, in consequence, a winning one.

From this description it must not be inferred that the Irishman played pat-ball, or that his game was one of mere return. His passing strokes were phenomenal, the ball pitching very near the side lines, and his lobbing of wonderful length. The moment Renshaw made a weak stroke he would instantly assume the offensive, but he hardly ever struck the ball right out of his opponent's reach at the beginning of a rest, which feat Renshaw performed several times during each set. Though the match was closely contested, the general impression left on many of the critics was that Renshaw's brilliant game had met its answer in Hamilton's equally effective but less risky tactics, an opinion which the results of the two subsequent matches would seem to justify.

But, sound as was Hamilton's game, there was a rod in pickle waiting for him in the shape of H. S. Barlow. For at Wimbledon, after defeating E. W. Lewis, he had to play Barlow in the semi-final. Barlow adopted his well-known volleying tactics, running in on the service. He would take no risk of any kind, save that of being passed at the net, and succeeded in winning after a very close match. Again strokes had to give way to method, and brilliancy to safer and more efficient system. Not that Barlow had not many good strokes; his overhead volleying was absolutely deadly, and he was most difficult to pass at the net, but his great strength lay in his

Photo Robinson.

MR. W. J. HAMILTON,
Champion of England, 1890.

H. S. BARLOW PLAYING AT DUBLIN, 1890.

generalship and iron nerve, enabling him to carry out at the critical moment what he saw to be the winning manœuvre. His general plan of campaign was, when serving, to place the ball down the middle of the court and follow it up to the net. His service had cut on it, which made it cling to the ground, and, being placed down the centre, left the striker a very small space on either side in which to pass him. When his opponent served and did not follow it up to the net, he still played for the same position, playing a cut and twisted ball slightly to his adversary's backhand, and coming in close to volley on it. There was practically only one reply to such play—to rush in and volley everything; and even Pim and Baddeley were forced to adopt these tactics against him.

Barlow's defence to his own attack, while lacking in severity, was very safe; he could slip the ball down the line forehanded very accurately, but the cross stroke was uncertain and slow, owing to his peculiar method of striking the ball. This was due to the curious way in which he held his racket. His backhand was much stronger, being equally good down the line and across the court, but it was generally his lobbing that pulled him out of the fire—it nearly always came as a surprise, being used with great sagacity.

His form at Wimbledon was far in advance of his form at unimportant meetings. In one of the latter his love for losing the first two sets was freely indulged, and he has let matches slip through his fingers which he could easily have won but for this penchant. In consequence his powers have been largely underestimated. Wimbledon was the only meeting for which he ever trained in the least, and his form at the Championships in 1889 and 1890 would show him to be the equal of the Renshaws and Hamilton. I have not touched on his sensational match with W. Renshaw in

Photo, Elliot & Fry.

MR. E. W. LEWIS,
Covered Court Champion Seven Years.

1889, in the final round of the Championship, as it has been so often described; it will suffice to say that Barlow was four times within a stroke of victory, which would certainly have been his but for a very bad decision.

I have given this rather extended description of Barlow's play because he represents the extreme type of stroke—play sacrificed to tactics. Why he should have cultivated this type of game is hard to say; probably cricket was responsible for his rather awkward grip of the racket. A lawn tennis player seldom gets any coaching when starting the game, so that his style will, to a great extent, be a matter of chance. This accounts mostly for the execrable style and feeble game played by the great majority of players. Every beginner grasping a racket for the first time will exhibit some peculiarity of grip and action; with this he will start playing, and by a process of experiment and failure evolve his own style. There is no friendly coach to tell him why he should break down so frequently over very simple strokes; he is thus thrown on his own resources. If he be fortunate enough to have a strong player with good style to

E. W. LEWIS SERVING.

E. W. LEWIS RUNNING UP TO "KILL."

play against, or even to watch, he will often copy his methods largely. Barlow never acquired quite the correct grip of his racket, and though his wonderful activity, strength and sagacity enabled him to win, he could never have been a brilliant stroke player without changing his style.

E. W. Lewis's methods were the exact antithesis. Capable of making every stroke that can be made on a lawn tennis court, and also of many that would seem impossible, he always played what he considered the most effective return, regardless of the difficulty. The half volley was freely used, at which stroke he was *facile princeps*, and his cross backhand, both off the ground and on the volley, has left its mark on the Lawn Tennis world.

H. Chipp, in his lawn tennis recollections, sums up his feelings when watching Lewis play, by saying that he cannot imagine how he ever was beaten. I think this feeling has been shared by all who were familiar with his

play. That he ever was beaten has been ascribed by some to lack of nerve, by others to want of staying power. Personally, I do not think it was due to either; rather to the very complicated nature of his game. To be the least off colour meant breaking down too frequently for success. I cannot help thinking that this, combined with a weak overhead stroke, was the explanation of his few defeats.

Ernest Renshaw had a style quite of his own, perfect grace of movement and ease of stroke being its most striking features. He kept his wrist quite flexible when striking the ball, allowing the momentum acquired by the racket during the preliminary swing to do the work of the stroke, the wrist and hand merely acting as guides to the direction. And though this method deprived his game of some severity (especially on the volley), it conduced to wonderful accuracy in strength and direction. He was very strong overhead, and was more successful against Hamilton than his brother. That he was as good a player hardly admits of dispute, though his record is not so fine.

W. Baddeley might fairly be described as the most successful player that ever was. Not that his record in the championship has been unsurpassed, but his successes were gained against stronger players than any other champion has had to meet. His method and generalship were unrivalled. This superiority lay in the type of game he cultivated, rather than in clever or tricky play in a match. Too often "playing with your head" is taken to mean tricky, short drops, disguised directions or unexpected placing. To do this is comparatively easy for anyone possessing a little cunning and nerve; but to decide what is the winning "play," to use an Americanism, with a view to cultivating it

Photo, Elliot & Fry.

MR. ERNEST RENSHAW,
Champion of England, 1888.

Photo, R. W. Thomas.

MR. WILFRED BADDELEY,
Champion of England, 1891-2.

in practice, requires no inconsiderable amount of sagacity.

It is here that so many players fail, though possessed of many good strokes, and it was just in this department of the game that W. Baddeley showed his superiority. He would take just the amount of risk that was justified by circumstances ; no one was safer when they had the upper hand in a rest, and few could bring off a risky shot better when the point seemed lost. He did not employ top cut at all, save sometimes on his cross-backhand. Yet he was one of the hardest players to volley that I have ever played against, which would seem to indicate that top cut is not essential to good passing.

A very remarkable feature of his play was the considerable height at which some of his passing shots down the line would cross the net; this gave the strokes a high factor of safety, and as they were generally clean passes, to have played them lower would not have increased their efficiency, whilst he would have had to pay for additional risk in the shape of an increased number of balls placed in the net. His cross passes were played very low and short, as a cross pass should be, and he always gave the impression that the stroke possessed great certainty and could be repeated at will, in strong contrast to the "hit and chance it" game which finds so many admirers. His style approximated to a certain extent to tennis methods, as the head of the racket was generally kept well above the hand, and the stroke finished on the same side of the body, the secret of all straight hitting.

This latter characteristic was even more pronounced in his great rival, J. Pim. Possibly neither of these players were aware that this had been recognised as one of the first and essential principles of striking a ball at

both tennis and rackets for many years, but the fact that they both carried it out in play testifies to their great natural aptitude. The general opinion of experts would seem to rank J. Pim as the finest player the world has ever seen. His game was of the very severe type, yet executed with such ease and nonchalance as to give the impression that he was taking no interest whatever in the proceedings.

A critic at Wimbledon once described his play as a combination of Lawford's drives and Lewis's volleys, and though his style was quite different from that of either of these players, the description is apt enough. His drive was a long, easy swing, combining little effort with great pace and accuracy. He would place the ball in the extreme corner of the court time after time in the most daring fashion, and when in good practice with perfect precision. There is considerable difference of opinion as to whether he took the ball on the top of the bound or allowed it to drop. As a matter of fact he did both. His extraordinary dislike to any hurried movement and his determination that the whole swing of his stroke should be carried through, often made him take the ball very late indeed. But the stroke was generally such a good one, and the direction so well disguised, that it was as effective as if he had played it sooner. If it suited him he could take the ball on the rise as well as anyone. I have seen him swing on to a big kicking first service, playing the ball on the top of the bound and right into the extreme corner, winning the point outright.

His volleying was remarkable for its great variety, combining great power and crispness with the softest and most delicate strokes. He could drop the hardest drives short over the net and well out to the sides, a most elegant and effective manner of dealing with them. His

Photo, Robinson.

DR. JOSHUA PIM,
Champion of England, 1893-4.

Photo, Elliot & Fry.

MESSRS. R. F. AND H. L. DOHERTY,
Doubles Champions of England, 1897-1901.

service was powerful and kicked considerably, the percentage of faults being very small, while the second delivery was nearly as severe as the first, in strong contrast to the ludicrous description given in the chapter on the service in the "Badminton Library." His encounters with W. Baddeley produced the finest expositions of lawn tennis I have ever seen, and most lovers of the game who were present would seem to share this view.

Pim was badly handicapped in 1891 by an injury to his right hand caused by an outside car accident, and in 1892 he had only just recovered from typhoid fever. How he managed to beat Barlow in the Irish Championship, and gain a set from E. Renshaw the next day was a mystery to his friends, as he was totally unfit for hard match play. But in 1893 and 1894 he had matters all his own way, winning both Irish and English Championships.

Since this period I am inclined to think that the game has not advanced; if anything it has receded. The Doherty brothers, however, form a brilliant exception to the general stagnation. As their play is so well known on both sides of the Atlantic, I shall only touch on it briefly. R. F. Doherty possesses the severer strokes, his service in particular being unrivalled; the delivery is so easy that he hardly seems to put an ounce of work into it; yet the length and pace are superb, and he can place it right out to the side or down the centre line with perfect precision. He only uses top-cut occasionally on his forehand, but it is freely employed backhanded.

H. L. Doherty brings an amount of sagacity, activity and attention to bear on the game that renders him quite as formidable an antagonist as his brother. His extraordinary power of killing lobs from almost anywhere is a most striking feature of his play.

There can be no doubt that there is only one S. H. Smith in the world; and that there will arise another player of the same school, equally formidable, I should be strongly inclined to question. That it is his personal qualities, and not the type of game he plays, that conduce to his extraordinary successes is practically certain. His terrible drive is so well known that a description of it is unnecessary, but few seem to realise of what variety and

H. L. DOHERTY AT WIMBLEDON, 1901.

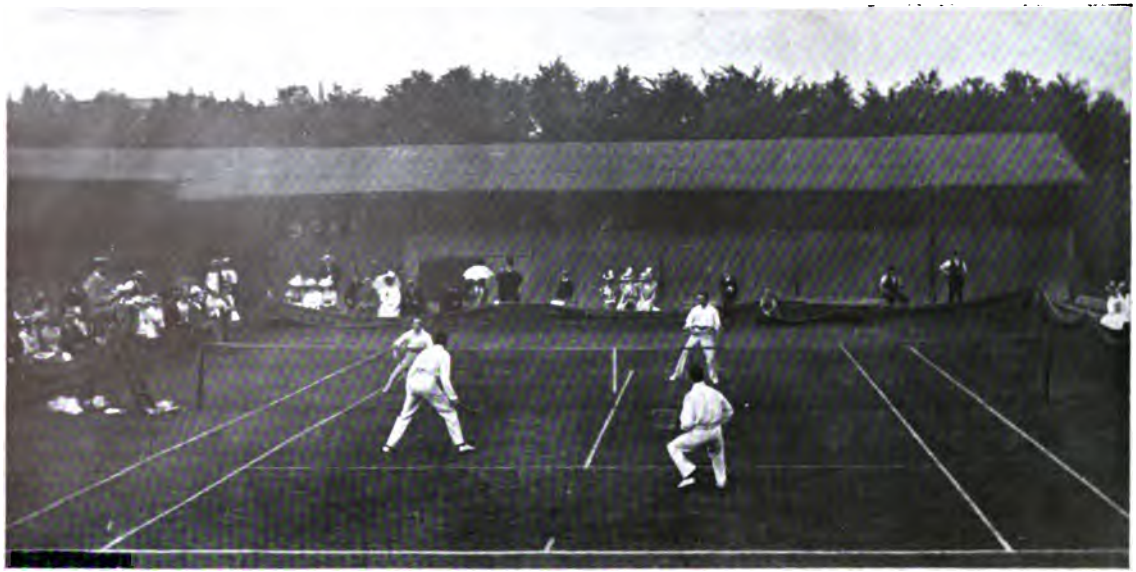
modifications this stroke is capable. He can play it from any position and at any pace, from the slowest passing stroke to the fastest shot that has ever been seen on a lawn tennis court. His backhand is neat and very well placed, but he avoids this stroke as much as possible, his great activity enabling him to run round almost anything. It is curiously difficult to deal effectively with his service, and his lobbing is most deadly; he seldom volleys, though he can do so well enough when he likes. His judgment is wonderful, and it should be a lesson to those players and critics alike who can admire nothing but

terrific slogging, to see with what moderation and judgment Smith uses his formidable drive. Only when circumstances indicate that he should go for this stroke does he do so, preferring rather to manœuvre his opponent out of position before administering the *coup de grace.*

Since American lawn tennis has been brought into prominence in this country by the visit of Messrs. Ward and Davis, and the various international contests, a short reference to American players may prove of interest. The first time J. Pim and the writer competed in America the general feature of the play in that country seemed to be a certain lack of method. Though the strokes were brilliant, no one seemed to play for position, rather simply to win the point. But my second visit found this all changed; everyone played for position, and that position was to get to the net first at any price. The general standard of play also had much improved, and we were treated to the twist service for the first time. The same evolution had taken place, the play was more effective and less risky.

Finally, to return to this country, I cannot help thinking that the play in the nineties was a considerable improvement on the form of the eighties. The chief features of this improvement lay in the following: The service was vastly improved, especially the second delivery; the cross backhand became much stronger, and lobs were dealt with more effectively. The value of position was more fully recognised, and undue risk avoided. Also the garden party idea that every good stroke must of necessity skim the net had, to a certain extent, been exploded; but there are even now many players who still cling to this fallacy.

As for the future of the game in this country, it seems



Photo, Mayall.

THE BROTHERS BADDELEY *v.* THE BROTHERS DOHERTY AT WIMBLEDON.

to me to be merely a matter of time before the Championship passes into the hands of American players or foreigners. No young players of any ability are coming to the front, and as soon as the present exponents of first-class play retire, there would seem to be no one to take their place. Not that the number of players has not largely increased, but the numbers of the first-class are sadly shrunken. This should cause no surprise, as in the public schools in America the game is encouraged, whilst in this country it is not even permitted. This is all the more curious when it is remembered that rackets is freely encouraged and professionals hired to teach the game. Lawn Tennis is just as good exercise, possesses much greater variety of stroke, is played in the open-air and is much less expensive.

Until the game is permitted at some of the schools we can only expect to take a back seat in future, and this at a game which is played all the world over—the only really international game existing.

CHAPTER II

MEMORIES OF MEN AND MEETINGS *

By H. S. SCRIVENER

Forsan et haec olim meminisse iuvabit.
VERGIL AEN. I. 203.

MY first introduction to first-class lawn tennis took place in the year 1882, when, although still a boy at school in London, I was already an enthusiastic and ambitious player—with very little, be it understood, beyond keenness to justify my ambition. It was therefore with great alacrity that I accepted an invitation to go down with a school friend to Stamford Bridge to see H. F. Lawford play O. E. Woodhouse in the final of the London Championship Singles at the L. A. C. tournament, the lineal ancestor of the present Queen's Club Meeting.

Some idea of the antiquity of the event may be gathered from a description of the costume in which

* The use of the past tense throughout these reminiscences must not be taken to imply of necessity that the player referred to is no longer alive or has given up the game. It is simply the shortest and most convenient way of referring to players *as I knew them.* For instance, if I say that a player *played* with a certain racket, I do not mean that he or she plays no longer, but am simply confining myself to what he or she did *at the time of which I am writing.*

Lawford was arrayed—the very costume, by the way, in which he is depicted in the daring caricature which adorned (in common with many other interesting portraits and groups) the walls of the editorial sanctum at the offices of "the old, original" *Pastime*—my first love in the world of journalism. A striped, or, more correctly speaking, "ringed," football jersey and white knickers, with stockings and a small "pork-pie" cap, exactly matching the jersey; such was the guise in which the great man first delighted my gaze; and such, I need hardly add, was the guise which I there and then pictured myself as one day wearing with equal distinction. Woodhouse, on the other hand, was less strikingly attired in the conventional white shirt and white flannel trousers. Convention (I suppose) ultimately proved too strong for Lawford, too, for not long after this the jersey was discarded for a shirt, and the ringed stockings were replaced by others of one single, and that a more sober, hue. But the knickers were never given up, and I believe I am right in saying that the man lives not who has seen Lawford play a match in a pair of trousers.

To come back to the game between Lawford and Woodhouse, I can remember that my friend and I arrived a bit late, and had to stand on chairs to see it—which shows what the "galleries" were like in those days. I can remember the grace of Woodhouse's play, abounding in clever saves and delightful "tricky" shots, and the contrast afforded by the steady pounding of Lawford, plucky, persevering, and in the pink of condition; and that these attributes (as they nearly always can and do) gave him the mastery in the end. I can remember also that I carried away with me the fixed determination to see something more of a game the possibilities of which I had but dimly recognised hitherto.

ERNEST BROWNE'S BACK-HAND STROKE.

Not being a prophet, I did not know that I was destined to return in later years to this same tournament in the capacity of referee. And yet, curiously enough, as the L.A.C. tournament afforded me my first experience (though only as an onlooker) of tournament play, so it ultimately became the scene of my trial trip on the (sometimes) troubled waters of management. The amount of the fee which I received on that occasion enables me to cherish the hope that the pinch of poverty, rather than any shortcomings in the managerial department, led to the subsequent demise of this once popular meeting.

The Championships

After my visit to the L.A.C. meeting I soon became a regular frequenter of the Championships, and there are few Wimbledon meetings since the early eighties which I have not attended either as a spectator or a player. The

courts of the A.E.L.T.C. and their surroundings in what I may term the Renshaw epoch were very much what they are now, except that they were supplemented by the two excellent covered courts—a separate institution from the All-England Club which failed to outlive the period when the game was under a cloud by reason of the temporary supremacy of newer and less exacting forms of amusement. But in those early days Society shed the light of its countenance upon "Tennis" and if you hadn't "seen Renshaw" you were socially out of the running. People flocked to Wimbledon from all parts and stood three and four deep round the centre court on final days; enthusiasts turned up shortly after noon with sandwiches and flasks, secured the best seats, and lunched and chatted patiently until the fray began; and the South Western Railway ran special trains to and from Wimbledon. Late comers who could obtain chairs stood on them, to the great indignation of those who couldn't, and there is a story that a spectator of diminutive height paid half-a-sovereign for a few bricks wherewith he made a sort of pedestal, sufficient to ensure the requisite addition to his stature.

And it was fine "Tennis" in those days, too. I would give something to see again one of those historic battles between Willie Renshaw and Lawford in '84, '85 and '86. It is said nowadays that the art of taking the ball on the top of the bound is a modern development; so it may

MISS DOD AND MR. ERNEST RENSHAW.

be, speaking of players generally, but William Renshaw knew all about it, nevertheless, and knew when *not* to do it, too—a knowledge which some modern exponents of the art have yet to acquire. Another feature of his play was the extraordinary pace at which he went. He wanted no pauses between the rests, and did his best, by the alacrity of his movements, to attain his object. An opponent who resorted to Fabian tactics would be curtly (though quite politely) requested to "Come on!" He resigned the Championship in 1887 (owing, if I remember right, to a tennis elbow) and although he won it once more (in 1889) I do not think he ever played quite so well as during his six years of unbroken supremacy—1881 to 1886.

In the early days the Renshaws were as hard to distinguish one from the other as in later years were the other twin pairs—the Baddeleys and the Allens. A lady once greeted Ernest Renshaw with the embarrassing question, "Is it *you*, or your brother?" To which Ernest, with great presence of mind, replied, equally enigmatically, "It's *me!*" The style of their play, too, was much the same, Ernest being at first the more brilliant, more dashing, and less reliable of the two. And this went on during the whole of the period of Willie's supremacy. But in the year 1887, when Willie resigned, Ernest's single game underwent a complete change, and soon reached that pitch of marvellous accuracy (combined with a fair amount of severity) which won him the Championship in the following year, when Willie, playing again, went down before W. J. Hamilton on a wet court. In that year Ernest was undoubtedly the best player of the day, and I am inclined to think that he was in the following year also, although his twin brother actually beat him in the championship round. But after that

Photo, J. Russell & Sons.

THE BROTHERS RENSHAW (ENGLAND) *v.* THE BROTHERS CLARK (AMERICA) AT WIMBLEDON.

he began to deteriorate. Hamilton (whom I shall speak of later) was the hero of 1890, and in 1891 occurred that phenomenal match, of which I was one of the gaping witnesses, in which Wilfred Baddeley beat Ernest Renshaw in what were virtually three love sets, and in about the shortest time on record.

As a pair the Renshaws were as invincible in their day as were the Baddeleys in 1894, '5 and '6, and the Dohertys after them. They possessed in a marked degree that unanimity of thought and action which is the secret of the success of the other famous pairs of brothers above-mentioned, and played a perfect combined game, their return of the service being particularly good. On the other hand, when playing with other partners (I am speaking solely of men's doubles) I never regarded either of them as exceptionally formidable. It was almost a case of "united we stand; divided we fall."

One of my earliest recollections of Wimbledon has reference to a young lady player whom I can see now, in my mind's eye, seated on a bench by the centre court and pulling on a pair of soft leather gauntlets with a frown which (as I soon came to know) betokened, not displeasure, but merely strict attention to the business in hand. I enquired her name and was told that she was Miss Blanche Bingley, and that she was the only player who could hold a candle to the then lady-champion, Miss Maud Watson, of whom, by the way, my recollection is hardly distinct enough to enable me to say anything worth recording. Some three or four years later I made her acquaintance, when she had become the wife of my friend George Hillyard, and both for the sake of her friendship, which I have always valued most highly, and for the sake of her brilliant and absolutely unique record as a lawn-tennis player, I shall always treasure that vivid

THE LADIES' CHAMPIONSHIP AT WIMBLEDON, 1901: MRS. HILLYARD *v.* MRS. STERRY.

MRS. HILLYARD PLAYING AT WIMBLEDON.

little mental picture and do my utmost to keep it from fading. I am glad to think that she herself can be relied upon to aid me in this endeavour by her mere presence; for the Mrs. Hillyard of to-day is the Miss Bingley of old, the same alert, confident, and plucky player, still wearing her gloves and her frown in the same strictly business-like manner, and still holding her own at the top of the tree. Of her record it is unnecessary to speak in detail. It embraces about three generations of players, as players go, and bridges over the wide space between the Renshaw and the Doherty epochs; for Mrs. Hillyard's first All-England Championship was won in 1886 and her last (so far) in 1900.

Another very vivid mental picture is that of a tall man, then unknown to me, with a big, flowing moustache, who performed a curious and somewhat lengthy "flourish" before serving, and changed his racket from hand to hand as circumstances required (instead of playing the orthodox backhander), using the left whenever it was possible. I stopped opposite the second court from the railway entrance on the lowest tier to watch and pity him, for Ernest Renshaw was, as I hastily concluded, occupied in quietly polishing him off. As a matter of fact, my pity soon changed to admiration. The polishing process took a good deal longer than I had anticipated, and Ernest only just got home after an intensely interesting match. The tall man was Herbert Chipp—now one of my oldest and most esteemed friends—and this was one of the best of Chipp's many good

THE MIXED DOUBLES CHAMPIONS, 1886: MR. W. RENSHAW AND MISS BINGLEY.

Photo Elliot & Fry.
MR. HERBERT CHIPP.

performances. He was an even more pronounced adherent to the base-line than Lawford, for the latter sometimes came up deliberately to volley, but Chipp never took the ball on the volley if he could possibly help it. Whenever he was forced to do so we always made a point of cheering him vociferously if he brought off the stroke. Two other almost equally bigoted base-line men in those days were F. A. Bowlby and E. J. Avory—the former renowned for his racket, a venerable "Tate" which had been re-strung, broken, spliced, and mended dozens of times and weighed about 16½ ounces. He stuck to it year after year, through thick and thin, because, as he said, he could never get another like it—which was, no doubt, strictly true. Avory was a most deceptive player, with an underhand service which caused the unwary to think lightly of him—until they came to play him. He and Bowlby were Lawford's favourite opponents in practice. Yet another base-line player, A. W. Gore, was at that time just coming into prominence; his first appearance at Wimbledon was in '88. But as he is, I am

glad to say, still "going strong," having outlasted most of his contemporaries, and as he won the Championship only a couple of seasons back, it is hardly necessary to revert here to his past history, which is probably as well known to my readers as to myself. He affords, in common with Mrs. Hillyard and H. S. Mahony, a striking instance of lawn tennis longevity.

The first time I saw E. W. Lewis he was playing an exhibition match in the covered court (after one of the customary Wimbledon thunderstorms), with his then regular partner, E. L. Williams, against the champion American pair, R. D. Sears and Dr. James Dwight; and a rattling fine match it was, the two pairs being about evenly matched and coming about next in order of merit after the Renshaws. Lewis is, to my mind, one of the very few men whose names ought to be on the roll of English Singles champions, but are not. I believe it was only constitutional weakness (his heart was currently reported not to be quite sound) and his

A. W. GORE WINNING THE CHAMPIONSHIP, 1901.

consequent inability to keep at concert pitch all through the trying Wimbledon week, which prevented his climbing to the very top of the tree. In the matter of dress he had a marked, though not like Lawford an invariable, preference for knickerbockers. Sometimes he appeared in trousers, but when he did so it was a sure sign that the match was one in which he did not expect to be very highly tried, and I can remember that when I first encountered him in a single (at Wimbledon in 1888) I was greatly overjoyed to find the knickers *en évidence*, probably because on the previous day I had managed, on a very slippery court, to beat C. H. A. Ross, one of the wiliest of men, who never made a hard return and seldom a bad one; a master of the art of short drops and other similarly disconcerting devices.

Of Lewis's partner, Williams, I saw but little, and never encountered him, but I saw enough to fill me with genuine admiration of his play, which, despite his short stature and bowed shoulders, amounting almost to a deformity, was absolutely first-class. I also greatly enjoyed the pithy remarks which he sometimes interjected in the course of a match. On one occasion he was playing a double with a very indifferent partner, who, burning to distinguish himself in such exalted company, was "poaching" wildly (and most disastrously), instead of letting Williams do the bulk of the work, as was fitting. Williams bore it for some time, but at length when for about the fourth time this misguided individual had leapt in front of him and banged a perfectly simple volley into the net, Williams, after apparently reviewing the situation carefully for some seconds, ejaculated in perfectly grave and measured tones (but with just a suspicion of a twinkle in his eye), "I *think* I could have got that ball over if I had tried

Photo, Elliot & Fry.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP AT WIMBLEDON: PIM *v.* E. W. LEWIS.

Photo, Lewis.

CAZALET AND MISS ROBB v. MAHONY AND MRS. HILLYARD: CAZALET WAITING TO "KILL."

very hard." Of the two Americans mentioned above, Dwight is the better known to Englishmen, both because his visits to England were more frequent, and because of his book, a strikingly able work which for many years was the only text-book on the game. Both were brilliant but, I am bound to say, somewhat erratic players, Sears being the better of the two all round; for Dwight, on his own confession, was a bigoted volleyer and (I may add) a most capable one. I believe he was the actual introducer of the practice of running in on the service.

Of two other heroes of bye-gone days, Donald Stewart and C. W. Grinsted, my recollections are less vivid, but I know that I first saw them both at Wimbledon, and I can recall an exhibition set between Donald Stewart and Willie Renshaw, the sheer brilliancy of which I shall never forget. I can also remember Grinsted as the everlasting stayer and the model of imperturbability. He was never so dangerous as when his opponent wanted but one ace in order to win the match.

The mention of Grinsted's chief characteristic prompty calls up the recollection of another, and an even more famous, player of the opposite sex, the incomparable Miss Dod. As everybody knows she has of late years transferred her affections to golf, and I am constrained to believe that one (I will not say the only) reason for her having done so lies in the fact that in that exasperating game she has found greater scope for the exercise of that remarkable gift of imperturbability which she possesses in common with many other great lawn tennis players, of whom Grinsted, Pim, and the Dohertys may be cited as typical instances. I believe that that gift, valuable as it is to the lawn tennis player, is even more valuable to the golfer. I cannot readily picture my good friends the

DR. DWIGHT AND H. GROVE IN A DOUBLE.

MISS RICE,
Lady Champion of England, 1890.

Allens (whom I have often assailed unsuccessfully with various partners) as golfers; in fact, one of the best of their many excellent *dicta* is that "to play golf is to spoil an otherwise enjoyable walk." And in regard to myself I have noticed—but this is a mere digression. Suffice it then, that in the defection of Miss Dod, lawn tennis has suffered an irretrievable loss. She was practically invincible, and possibly this may have had something to do with the coolness which she invariably displayed. But at any rate she was the *beau idéal* of what a lady-champion should be. In the matter of play, pure and simple, she was absolutely without a weak point, but on a very hot day and in exceptionally bright sunshine it was just possible (by steady play and much lobbing) to beat her, and it was under these conditions that she sometimes sustained defeat. But the English climate generally enabled her to take a speedy and complete revenge, and despite the improvement which ladies' play has undoubtedly undergone in recent years I am not prepared to say that I have yet seen her equal. A short and brilliant career was that of Miss Rice. She made her *début* at the Irish championships in 1889 and promptly ran Mrs. Hillyard to "games all" in two sets. At Wimbledon she again encountered Mrs. Hillyard and this time was thrice within an ace of beating her for the Championship.

MISS L. DOD.

Next year she again did well, nearly beating Miss Martin in Ireland, and in the absence of Mrs. Hillyard won easily at Wimbledon. She did not defend in the following year and must, I think, have entirely given up playing in public after '90, for I never heard or read of her name in connection with lawn tennis again. A wonderful player with a terrible "Irish" drive and a powerful service, she had one weakness, an inability, or a disinclination, to play a backhander down the line. She almost invariably crossed her backhand returns, and lovely strokes they were; but her opponents got to know of this and were thus able to "get there" in time. If she had stuck to the game, she would, with more experience, have made a dangerous rival to Miss Dod.

I have already said in effect that Lewis ought, at some period of his career, to have won the Championship. I think the same may be said of H. S. Barlow. At any rate he has the unlucky distinction of having gone nearer to winning the All-Comers' Singles, without actually doing so, than any man in the world. The incident to which I refer is too well known in lawn tennis history to need recounting. It occurred in 1889—Willie Renshaw's last year. In the previous round Barlow had somewhat upset the calculations of the pundits by beating Hamilton (mainly by persistent lobbing) in one of the most punishing five-set matches I have ever seen. His enormous reach, quickness, and certainty overhead, combined with any quantity of staying power, made him a most formidable opponent. But he was a shocking beginner and nearly always lost the first set, of which he thought nothing; nor did he always trouble to put on full steam, and when in this mood his play was quite second rate. In doubles he was frequently disappointing, which was strange, for his play was just suited to the requirements of a double;

E. DE S. H. BROWNE.

W. RENSHAW. LACY SWEET. J. DWIGHT. Miss DOD. Miss BRACEWELL. Miss BINGLEY. Miss GURNEY. J. BALDWIN.

PRIZE WINNERS AT EXMOUTH, 1885.

Miss BINGLEY SERVING AT BATH, 1886.

but I am sure that he cared more for the single game, and in doubles when playing with him one always had the feeling that he "wanted to do it all." He was a most amusing companion, much addicted to practical jokes, and a perfectly hopeless correspondent. The only way to get a letter out of him was to send him a stamped addressed envelope, a piece of paper, and a pencil, followed by a wire next day reminding him to post the letter. Even then the chances were that he would reply by wire to say that he had lost your letter and forgotten its contents. He once sent me a telegram in answer to some urgent enquiry beginning—"Oh! ye of little faith!"

I have been asked so often what period of lawn tennis in my opinion produced the finest play that it may perhaps be of interest if I put upon record the answer which, not without some diffidence, I invariably give. I consider that the finest lawn tennis I have ever seen was played in the period covered by the Championships of Wilfred Baddeley and J. Pim. I think that for all round excellence, off the ground and on the volley, for accuracy and severity combined, and for equal proficiency in

doubles and singles, these two players have never been quite equalled. I believe that they met in all (counting in the England *v.* Ireland International now unhappily in abeyance) on about a dozen occasions, and that the balance of wins was slightly in Baddeley's favour. This was due to the fact that he was the more consistent performer of the two. But on his day I am inclined to think that Pim was the finest player we have ever had.

The Irish Championships

In my time the Irish Championships enjoyed the reputation of being about *the* best managed meeting of the year, with Master Courtenay as Hon. Secretary, B. C. Evelegh as Referee, and a genuine working committee. The Fitzwilliam week in those days ran a good second to the Horse Show week in the affections of Dublin Society, which turned up in full strength and in all the glory of its female loveliness to watch the play.

Dr. Eaves volleying at Newcastle, 1898.

There was an air of prosperity and "go" about the proceedings which was most inspiriting, and the hospitality of the Club, with its dances and dinners, added to that of one's individual friends, was at times positively embarrassing to the conscientious player. I never enjoyed any tournament so much as I did the Fitzwilliam meeting of 1890. Besides being a Master of the High Court, the Hon. Secretary was a master of the art of persuading people to come to his tournament, and making them feel at home when they got there. Moreover, there was no dearth, as there is now, of first-rate Irish players, so that there was always the added zest of International rivalry to keep the gallery interested. In 1889 there were over three thousand spectators present on the *second* afternoon of the week. Of the Irish players of those days the most prominent were Ernest Browne, W. J. Hamilton, Eyre Chatterton, and Campion, with Mahony, Goodbody, D. G. Chaytor, Stoker, H. R. Jones, W. H. Boyd, and Pim coming on. "V. St. Leger," the first Irish Champion, I never saw, and Chatterton, Hamilton's great rival for the championship of the Fitzwilliam Club, had given up the game before I paid my first visit to Dublin, but Browne, friend and mentor of the Renshaws in their Cheltenham days, was still "going strong," a wonderfully plucky and determined player, with a deadly backhand stroke, and a most generous opponent withal.

I first encountered (and needless to say received a drubbing from) Pim in Fitzwilliam Square in 1890, but afterwards Goodbody and I had the satisfaction of making matters excessively lively for Pim and Stoker in the final of the Doubles. It was always my ambition to win a set from Pim, and in that same year I had my chance at Wimbledon, but was robbed of it, as I verily believe, by a wrong decision on the set stroke.

Photo, Robinson.

THE IRISH CHAMPIONSHIPS IN DUBLIN.

ERNEST BROWNE VOLLEYING.

Miss Martin's record in the Irish Championship is very nearly a counterpart of Mrs. Hillyard's in the English ; but Miss Martin's first success was gained three years later than Mrs. Hillyard's. These two ladies share the honour of having beaten Miss Dod, and they have always been as nearly level as possible, Miss Martin being the finer and more versatile player, and Mrs. Hillyard the better tactician. Other famous Irish lady players of bygone days were Miss Stanuell (once champion), and the Misses May and B. Langrishe. The former was Irish champion as far back as 1879 and again in 1886. She was an accomplished volleyer, and played with a grace that was simply charming, her backhand stroke being the most perfect I have ever seen. She and I used to have some terrific private matches with Mr. and Mrs. Hillyard in mixed doubles, and I have never wished for a better or more good-humoured partner.

The Northern Championship

The Northern meeting was held then, as now, alternately at Liverpool and Manchester. We regarded it as the third most important event of the year, and as far as the actual ground went I think most of us preferred Aigburth to Old Trafford; but in point of management and a desire on the part of the executive to make us all happy and comfortable, there was nothing to choose between the two. The North usually outshines the South in this respect. It was at the Northern tournament that I first encountered, in 1888, W. J. Hamilton—popularly known as "The Ghost"—who was then coming more and more to the front every day, and was destined to win the Irish championship next year and the English the year after that. It was unfortunate that a severe illness

Miss L. Martin playing at Bath, 1885.

practically closed his tennis career at its very zenith. He played principally, though by no means exclusively, from the base-line, and was the greatest and best exponent of the Irish drive that ever stepped into court. His backhand was comparatively weak and he "ran round" frequently, but being very light and speedy and having a preference for hitting the ball while at full gallop, this was no drawback; in fact, he sometimes deliberately left an opening on the forehand side in order that he might have the felicity of darting across, with a rush and a slide, and banging the ball almost outside the post into your backhand corner. On a wet course he was a terror, skating about in evident enjoyment of the fun, while others were tumbling right and left. In those days I thought I could volley a bit, but Hamilton convinced me that I was mistaken. I also ran into and was beaten by his brother W. D. in the handicap (giving me 1 or 2 bisques) so that I had about enough of the Hamilton family that week. W. D. Hamilton was a born player, with more variety of stroke than his brother, but too casual to be ever really formidable. His interest in the game was never very constant, and apparently ceased with his brother's retirement.

It was at the Northern tournament, too, that I first encountered the Renshaws as a pair in doubles. I was playing with my Oxford partner, H. W. Carlton, and we reached the final against the twins by beating the crack Northern couple, J. C. Kay and J. G. Brown. Of this we were justly somewhat proud, for Kay and Brown were a nasty pair to meet, playing well together and coming very close in, so that the harder you banged at them the better they liked it. The only thing to do was to lob, and this we fortunately discovered just in time. I can remember that on the final day there were between three and four

THE NORTHERN CHAMPIONSHIPS AT LIVERPOOL.

thousand onlookers seated on the pavilion and the raised tiers of seats round the two chief courts, and that we went down into the arena feeling like two exceedingly small mice. However, we didn't play so badly, the Renshaws were very kind, and we were able to "make a fair show in the flesh."

An old friend whom I met here for the first time—fortunately perhaps for me only in a social sense—was H. S. Mahony, another coming champion, and to this day still a first-class player, whose brilliant exhibition against Lawrie Doherty at Wimbledon last year is still fresh in our minds. There, too, I encountered, with all the keen rivalry and perfect friendliness with which Oxford and Cambridge meet, C. H. L. Cazalet, another player who still keeps up his form and has never lost the easy-going and urbane manner which makes him a favourite wherever he goes. Nor must I forget "Jim" Baldwin, the strong—bruiser as well as lawn tennis player—to whom, by the way, Chipp, (who was also competing) administered a most creditable beating before finally succumbing to "The Ghost."

'Varsity Reminiscences

The Northern meeting of 1888 was my first tournament after "coming down" finally from Oxford, so that this seems a fitting place at which to jot down a few *memoranda* connected with my Oxford life. I say at once, and without hesitation, that 'Varsity tennis in those days was better than it is now, and also that Cambridge was, as she has almost always been, stronger than Oxford. When I first went up in 1885, Cambridge had H. W. Wilberforce and the Hon. P. Bowes Lyon, a renowned pair, and winners of the Doubles Championship in 1887; W. N. Cobbold, the famous footballer, and a first-class lawn tennis player, too, for he has won, among other prizes, the

open championship of Kent; H. V. Macnaghten, H. Wilson-Fox, and L. J. Maxse; while we had H. Grove, H. Emmons (left-handed, and a tennis as well as a lawn tennis Blue), T. R. Grey, T. M. Burton, H. Pease and J. Forman. Some of these names are forgotten now, but they were all men of more than average skill. And

MR. H. S. SCRIVENER.

the best of them all was Harry Grove—the Rupert of lawn tennis, dashing, fearless, and brilliant to a fault, the equal, in his day, of the Renshaws, Lewis, Hamilton, and all the other great ones of the earth, and the hero of some of the most marvellous feats in the whole history of the game; but an absolutely unreliable player, and one who never could be trusted not to go down before even a third-rate man; a fair weather player, too. A damp court he did not mind, but a really wet one he abhorred,

LACY SWEET IN A SINGLE.

and anything like a wind put him off entirely. He was one of those extraordinary people who appear never to get hot, and I have seen him wear a stick-up collar and a stiff-fronted shirt, all through a tough match, without showing a single crease in either at the finish ; and this heightened the effect of his unruffled demeanour in court. He was a universal favourite and a deligl.tful companion, and I knew him well enough to be genuinely grieved at his comparatively early death.

An almost equally neat, and much more consistent, player was H. W. W. Wilberforce, one of the soundest and cleverest double players that I have ever encountered. I believe the fact that Cambridge double play has always been superior to that of Oxford, is directly due to his influence and example. He is the author of a most valuable book on the game, which owes him a still further debt of gratitude for his conspicuously able assistance (continued to this day) in the management of the Lawn Tennis Association.

I am able to say with strict accuracy that the first time I ever met one of the Renshaws my side won the first set to love. I was captaining a somewhat weak Oxford team against Clifton, at Clifton, and when we arrived we found, to our mingled horror and gratification, that Ernest Renshaw and Lacy Sweet, an inseparable friend of the Renshaws, and a brilliant but disappointing player, were going to play against us, and that my partner (W. A. Newman, of Trinity) and I were expected to take them on first. They had, of course, forgotten all about the engagement and had to be fetched from their hotel, and a further delay ensued while Ernest, having carefully left his shoes behind, was being fitted out with a borrowed pair. At length, however, we got to work, and our opponents, who evidently regarded the whole thing as a huge bore (I was told that the man who

Photo, Stearn.

LAWN TENNIS AT THE UNIVERSITIES: THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE SINGLES TEAMS, 1896.

went to rout them out had found them enjoying a peaceful afternoon nap in two armchairs) played so atrociously that, to our surprise, Newman and I had won a love set in next to no time. But over the rest of that match I prefer to draw a veil. A curt "Come on, Sweet!" from Ernest soon brought about a change; we got a few more games, but that was all, and the two heroes, seeing that Clifton would be able to win without them, thereupon retired gracefully—no doubt to resume their interrupted snooze. This incident took place, if I remember rightly, in the year (1887) in which we managed to make a draw with Cambridge (who had lost Wilberforce, Lyon, Wilson-Fox and Cobbold) beating them in the singles, and losing the doubles by exactly the same score (6—3). It was in that match that I met and was beaten by G. R. Mewburn, the present Hon. Sec. of the L.T.A., and beat G. E. Brown who, with his brother, P. B. (who did not go to Cambridge), took a high position among the crack pairs of those days, and afforded another good instance of the superiority of "family" pairs over most scratch combinations. In my last year (1888), I verily believe we had a chance of winning, but rain pulled us up after about thirty minutes' play (there were no covered courts at Queen's then), and continued, without any appreciable intermission, for about four days, causing us ultimately to abandon the contest.

The Scottish Championships

The early Scottish championships were held not at Moffat as now, but on the Courts of the Dyvours Club, in Edinburgh. The first Scottish champion whom I can remember was J. G. Horn, a tall man, and a tremendous hitter and server. In serving he threw the ball higher than any man I have ever seen, so high, in fact, that he

stood for quite a long time with his racket motionless and hanging by his side while the ball was still soaring aloft. He played for Oxford *v.* Cambridge in 1881, '2 and '3, as, by the way, did also C. W. Grinsted, whom I have mentioned above, in the two latter years, and from 1881 to 1885 Oxford were the winners. Horn was succeeded in 1884 by another Oxonian, R. A. Gamble, who was in

Photo. Hood.
THE FINAL OF THE SCOTTISH DOUBLES CHAMPIONSHIP, 1902.

the Oxford team of that year, and of whom I last heard as being resident in India, and one of the best players in that portion of our Empire. Then came the turn of a Cantab, P. B. Lyon, in 1885 and '6, followed by that of Grove in 1887. In 1888 Lyon ousted Grove and regained the title, but for the next three years Ernest Browne, the Irishman, was triumphant, followed in turn by A. W. Gore in 1892 and '3, and then by R. M. Watson, one of the best and pluckiest of the Scotchmen and the mainstay of the game over the border. Many were the tries he had to win the Scottish championship,

and the ultimate realisation of his ambition was as gratifying to his many friends as to himself. He was an excellent double player, and won the Scottish doubles championship with various partners several times. Among his Scottish contemporaries and rivals were E. B. Fuller, Dr. J. H. Conyers, and his partner, A. Thomson, better known as "Lobby" Thomson by reason of his marked partiality for, and success at, the lobbing game, A. B. Carvosso and K. Sanderson, all of whom I can recollect more or less distinctly. Scotland has produced but few really good lady players. Miss L. Paterson (champion in 1894, '5 and '6) was probably the best of them. She was a wonderfully plucky player, and never fought so gamely as in the face of almost certain defeat.

The Welsh Championships

The Welsh championships came into being much later than the other three National Meetings, *i.e.*, in 1886. They were originally held at Penarth and were more or less dominated, as far as the men's singles were concerned, by Irishmen, for Ernest Browne won in the two first years, and W. J. Hamilton in the next three; but the meeting was also well supported by English cracks, including Baldwin, Sweet, Lewis and others. W. S. N. Heard was about the best of the Welshmen in those days. The first two lady champions were Miss Maud Watson and Mrs. Hillyard, but the entry of ladies was not a strong feature of the meeting. In one year I was appointed, or thought I was appointed, to act as referee of the meeting, and had got as far as taking my ticket and my seat in the train at Paddington, when a breathless messenger from *Pastime* office came up, brandishing a telegram which informed me that I was not wanted. The explanation, if I recollect rightly, was that the entry was

Photo, Hood.

GROUP OF PLAYERS AT THE SCOTTISH CHAMPIONSHIP MEETING, MOFFAT, 1902.

Photo, Elliot & Fry.

MR. E. DE S. H. BROWNE.

a small one, and that the committee wanted to save expense, and I think that the year was either 1892 or 1893. I have been told that the tournament suffered financially to some extent by being transferred to Roath (a suburb of Cardiff) in 1891, back to Penarth in 1892 and again to Roath in 1893. In 1896 it lapsed altogether, having previously returned to Penarth, but in 1897 a fresh and more auspicious start was made, and the unbroken series of S. H. Smith's victories was inaugurated.

EDGBASTON

I have not visited Edgbaston since the making of the alterations which, I am told, considerably improved the ground; but I can safely say that, if the old ground had any shortcomings, the tournament in my day was as jolly a one as one could possibly wish to go to. It was at Edgbaston that I encountered (in 1888), and by great good luck managed to beat J. R. Deykin, an old Oxonian, and a fine all-round man, being as famous for his prowess as a Rugby football forward as he was for his lawn tennis. The event in which we met was the Midland Counties

Championship (for which I was allowed to compete in virtue of my residence at Oxford) a competition in which Deykin's memory has since been fitly perpetuated by the institution of the Deykin Cup.

It was at Edgbaston, if I remember right, that I first saw the two sisters, the Misses M. and B. Steedman, of whom the latter still maintains her form and her place in the front rank. Lady volleyers were a good deal rarer in those days, and the sisters both volleyed, and played a double in much the same way as two men—a distinct novelty. They won the All-England Ladies' Doubles Championship in 1888.

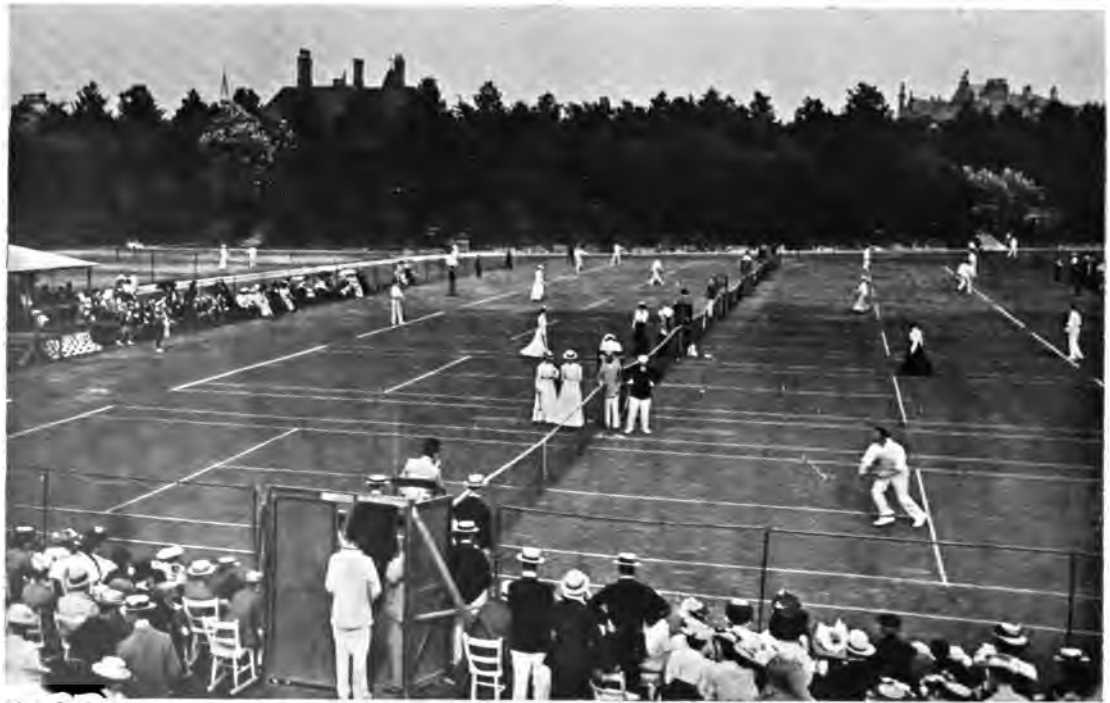
I have already said that I have little or no recollection of Miss Maud Watson as a single player at Wimbledon, but I quite well remember her victory in the mixed doubles at Edgbaston in 1888 with Deykin, after Miss B. Steedman

MISS MAUD WATSON AT BATH, 1885.

and G. E. Brown has won the first nine games right off in the final. Here, too, I first saw Miss Bracewell, one of the pluckiest players going, but hampered to some extent by an extremely nervous temperament. I once umpired a terrific match in which she completely broke down under the strain and excitement, and had to stop playing. But after a brief interval she went on again and, though defeated ultimately, kept up her form to the bitter end. The easy *nonchalance* and off-hand manner of the cracks (of both sexes) of to-day is admirable enough and, of course, eminently British; but there was something rather taking about the deadly keenness with which some of these old-time battles were fought out.

EASTBOURNE

One of my favourite tournaments was Eastbourne—not, in those days, the colossal affair which it is now, and only requiring some six or eight courts; but still quite big enough to provide a pretty busy week, and always well enough supported by crack players. Among the friendships and acquaintances made at Eastbourne I can recall quite a host of names, and foremost among them that of my friend, Dr. H. S. Stone, with whom I still enjoy from time to time a quiet game, a player of such conspicuous ability that, had he been a man of leisure instead of a remarkably successful doctor, he would have achieved fame equal, I do no hesitate to say, to that of Lewis, Barlow, Grove, and other great players. Although he was a thoroughly capable volleyer, the real backbone of his game was a perfectly deadly forehand drive, delivered with a strong upper cut, equally useful in attack or defence. At his home at Reigate he had a rubble court, which was the best of its kind that I have ever played on, and upon it he was practically invincible.



Photo, Lavis.

THE SOUTH OF ENGLAND CHAMPIONSHIPS AT EASTBOURNE.

But, owing to the exigences of his profession, his public appearances were comparatively rare, and, as everybody knows, there is nothing which contributes so much to success at a tournament as regular participation in tournament play.

Another player, whose lawn tennis achievements had to play second fiddle to the claims of his business, was A. G. Ziffo; but he generally managed somehow to be in tip-top form for his annual holiday at Eastbourne, as many of us found to our cost. Below the medium height, and of very slight build, he carried no weight, and his activity was quite phenomenal. He relied almost entirely upon his volleying, which was good enough to make up for his deficiences as a back-court player, and knowing his shortcomings in this respect, he was clever enough to risk the loss of an ace rather than be driven from his favourite position. His best years were 1888, when he beat Barlow in the final; 1889, when he defended his title successfully against Grove; and 1890, when he did the same against Baldwin. In 1891 he succumbed to Barlow, and that year, to the best of my recollection, was the last of his lawn tennis career.

DR. H. S. STONE.

It was at Eastbourne, I am nearly sure, that I first met the Allens, whose quaint exhortations to each other and good-humoured

SOUTH OF ENGLAND CHAMPIONSHIP, 1890: ZIFFO *v.* BALDWIN.

THE TWIN BROTHERS ALLEN IN A DOUBLE.

chaff (to say nothing of their play) will, I hope, still delight the gallery for many a season to come. When they were youngsters they were much harder to distinguish from each other than they are now, and personally speaking, I always had more trouble in this respect than I had with the Baddeleys. With some people, however, it was just the reverse, and Barlow, in particular, was always hard put to it to tell the Baddeleys apart, as the phrase goes. On one occasion he was playing against them in a double and discovered that one of the twins, he did not know which, was smashing weakly; it was the one who was playing in the left-hand court, and accordingly he proceeded to dose the left-hand man with lobs. The plan worked beautifully for a set, but in the next it rather came to grief. Barlow was obviously puzzled, but presently the truth dawned upon him, and he exclaimed, to the huge delight of the audience, "Blest if the little beggars haven't changed sides!"

Out of Business Hours

I believe that the popularity of a meeting depends far more than one would ordinarily suppose upon the quality of the hotels in its vicinity. In my experience the lawn tennis player is not a particularly difficult person to please. He will put up with long and tedious railway journeys, indifferent courts, and still more indifferent management, but (possibly because he takes his lawn tennis somewhat seriously) he likes the period between the close of one day's play and the beginning of the next to be one of relaxation in the strict sense of the term, and for this purpose he likes a comfortable hotel and "something to do" in the evening. And that, I am convinced, is one of the reasons why some tournaments, like Eastbourne (to which I have just referred), are more

Photo, Lavis.

CHAMPIONSHIP DOUBLES AT EASTBOURNE: SMITH AND GREVILLE *v.* HILLYARD AND NISBET.

successful than others. The Continental meetings, too, as far as my somewhat limited experience goes, are particularly fortunate in this respect. The lawn tennis player does not train like, say, the oarsman or the runner, with a view to one single achievement, the doing of which is a matter of minutes only, or even seconds. His object is rather, like that of the cricketer, to keep fit for days, or perhaps weeks, on end, and to ward off the demon of staleness. And so he needs to live wisely and more than ordinarily well—a generous diet is, I believe, the orthodox medical term. Naturally, therefore, when he comes home late and tired, he likes to know that there will be something to be had more comforting than cold mutton, pickles and stale bread. And as for the "something to do," let there be but a band, a stroll along the sea front, anything, in short, which, however trivial, is sufficient to take him from the stuffy atmosphere of smoking and billiard rooms out into the pure air of heaven, and he will be content. I can honestly say that I have fought shy of many a tournament through sheer dread of the unprofitable and unhealthy evenings to which its frequenters seemed to me to be doomed. Nor have I any feeling but one of sympathy for those who, at the risk of being styled "professionals," embrace the opportunity of being "put up" at private houses—although, as a matter of principle, I object to the practice. I have "put up" at many hotels with very varying success; I have *been* "put up" on one or two occasions by hosts who were comparative strangers to me; but of these visits my recollections are of the pleasantest. I can well remember one host, an old Oxford "Rugger" Blue, who took an almost fatherly interest in my welfare. He "did" me as I would fain be done throughout the day, and at about 10.15 p.m. he would say—"Now, there

are drinks and cigars on that sideboard if you want 'em, but if you take my advice you'll go to bed." I took his advice until the tournament was over, and then, having proved its soundness by a tolerably creditable record, I proceeded, on the last evening of my stay, to punish those cigars and those drinks in a manner which showed how truly heroic my former self-denial must have been.

Photo, Lavis.

DR. W. V. EAVES AT EASTBOURNE.

On another occasion Mahony and I were guests in the same house. We sat up for some little time comparing notes after the others had gone to bed, and at length, when I expressed a desire to follow their example, Mahony, to whom the night was yet young, declared his intention of accompanying me to my room, and there finishing our chat. He preceded me up the staircase, talking earnestly upon some point of current interest, pushed open the door of my room, which stood just ajar, and received full upon his head a choice assort-

ment of wet towels, sponges and other *impedimenta* which the enterprising daughters of our host had cunningly laid as a booby-trap for *me!*

To revert to the subject of hotels for a moment, I may mention that I have often found commercial hotels preferable to the other kind, not on the score of cheapness alone. With the commercial traveller the evening meal is often a movable feast, as it is with the lawn tennis player, and in commercial hotels you can generally have a hot meal (often including fish and fresh vegetables) specially prepared for you up to any reasonable hour. This is far nicer than walking into a gilded saloon and finding that everything is "off" except the stock cold viands, than which, in my experience, there is nothing more trying to the digestion when the body is fatigued with strenuous exercise.

Chiswick Park

For several years I was a member of the Chiswick Park Club and played more or less regularly in the annual open tournament. My recollections of Chiswick at once call up the picture of E. G. Meers—"the old man" as he was called by his associates—who took up the game at an age when most people are thinking of leaving it off, worked at it with that tremendous energy and concentration of effort which was the chief trait of his character, and became, within the space of about three years, absolutely first-class. His style was certainly not taking to the eye, but it was thoroughly effective and he had few, if any, weak points, while in the matter of fitness and activity he could put many a younger man to shame. He has often, when I was a guest at his house, played me to a standstill on his hard court, and then taken me indoors and played *to* me on his organ (being a complete master of that complicated instrument) for an hour or

more without any visible signs of fatigue. A tremendous theorist on the game, he was always preaching the doctrine of careful play, and yet I suppose few men in actual practice paid less heed to it than he did. Probably this was instinctive, for his *forte* lay certainly in attack. His *bête noir* at Chiswick and elsewhere was Lewis, who always carried just too many guns for him, but once at Wimbledon Meers very nearly overcame him. Had he had done so he would have realised his ambition of reaching the final of the All-Comers. He was an ideal opponent for practice matches, for he always played up hard and went for strokes, and the frequent visits I used to pay him did my game a lot of good. Nor did I enjoy them because of the tennis alone, for he was a brilliant talker on all subjects, with a keen appreciation of the humorous aspects of life. We had a great bond of sympathy in our admiration of Dickens, from whose works he was able to quote with astonishing fidelity. I have already hinted at his musical attainments, which were quite exceptional, and before he took up lawn tennis he

Photo, Elliot & Fry.

MR. E. G. MEERS,
Covered Court Champion, 1892.

was a chess player of considerably more than average ability. That he subsequently became a bicyclist and experimented with gears of abnormal height goes without saying, and I am now waiting to hear of some extraordinary feat of his in connection with automobilism.

At Chiswick, too, in 1888, I met the Irish player T. S. Campion, and beat him in the handicap with the aid of that useful weapon, the bisque. He was a brilliant volleyer, a most desirable partner in doubles, and a man of splendid physique; and yet in spite of this latter attribute, he died, like many another fine athlete, at an early age, the victim, if I remember aright, of typhoid. A successful pair in those days (at Chiswick and elsewhere) were Lewis and Chipp, and I am tempted to make a special reference to them by reason of the similarity of their general style of play to that of the present Doubles Champions, Smith and Frank Riseley; for Chipp, like Smith, thundered away from the base-line, while Lewis, like Riseley, fluttered about up at the net and made a dart for everything that came within reach. I have not had (and do not in my present form crave for) the pleasure of encountering the present champions, but I know from having played their prototypes, that this unorthodox style of game is most difficult to combat.

The Covered Court Championships

Of the Maida Vale court, famous enough in its day, I know absolutely nothing, but of Hyde Park, though not a member of the club, and therefore only an occasional visitor to that classic resort, I have a host of reminiscences. I never thoroughly mastered its intricacies because, despite the excellence of its surface (narrow boards laid like a ship's deck), it was sadly deficient in "run-back,"

particularly in one corner. And for that reason it "wanted knowing." Lawford, Williams, Chipp, Lewis, and Meers were its chief heroes—Lewis, as his record shows, being particularly deadly. If a base-line return occurred in the awkward spot to which I have just alluded, Lewis would half-volley it back in a manner with which even Caridia would find no fault, whereas the players less at home (like myself) would nearly dash their brains out in trying to take it in the customary way. Of the history of the court and its traditions, of its *genius loci*, Tom Fleming, father of the professional player of that name, and a veritable "character" if there ever was one, I could recount much, but the fact that my memory has already overflowed the space at my disposal stays my pen. I cannot, however, leave the topic of the Hyde Park court without a passing allusion to the death of Colonel Osborne, a veteran *habitué* of the club, and (considering his years) a wonderfully good player, whose devotion to the game and keen appreciation of its glories, its joys, and its difficulties are perpetuated in his delightful book, "The Lawn Tennis Player." While playing a hard set at Hyde Park he was suddenly seized with heart failure, fell, and expired in a brief space of time without regaining consciousness — an ending which, despite its tragic suddenness, seemed to me to be a fitting one for a man so devoted, as he was, to the game and so wedded to the surroundings in which he died.

The transference of the covered court championship from Hyde Park to the Queen's Club recalls one of the pleasantest incidents of my lawn tennis career, my partnership in the then newly instituted Doubles Championship with my friend George Hillyard. Together we won this event for the first two years of its existence, and were only prevented from winning the first cups outright

by a lamentable failure on my part to come up to time in the fifth set against our challengers, Meers and Mahony, who subsequently managed to do what we just failed to do, *i.e.*, to win for three years in succession, and so annex the cups. In the singles Lewis proved himself to be just as much at home at Queen's as he was at Hyde Park.

The Welsh Covered Court Championship was instituted after my time, and though I have many times since projected a visit to Craigside, the plan has always, so far, broken down. The first cup was won (in 1893) by a friend and contemporary of mine, J. H. Crispe, one of the best covered court players of those days. His game was well suited to a hard court and a high-bounding ball, for he played with a pronounced downward chop, meeting the ball as high up as possible, and placing it with much skill. He was quite in the front rank in the old Hyde Park days, and also later on at Queen's, where in 1891 he reached the final of the Singles, but then scratched to Meers, and, having won the final of the Doubles with Mahony, made matters very warm for George Hillyard and myself in the challenge round. He was playing at Dinard two seasons ago with much of his old skill, but was beaten by want of condition. In 1894 W. S. N. Heard, to whom I have already alluded as the best Welsh player of those days, was the winner at Craigside, then followed Reggie Doherty's three successive wins. Mrs. Pickering was the first holder of the ladies' cup—instituted in 1896.

The Kent Championships

The *venue* of the open championships of Kent at Beckenham has never varied since my time, but the Rectory Field at Blackheath is no longer, as it was then,

PLAYERS IN THE WELSH COVERED CHAMPIONSHIPS, LLANDUDNO 1902.

the home of the closed event. The Rectory Field courts were very good, and the meeting enjoyed more prosperity and better luck than it has of late years.

At Beckenham I very nearly realised one of my unsatisfied ambitions—to beat the Baddeleys in doubles. My partner was Barlow, and he was in such splendid form that we were within a point or two of winning. It was at one of the Kent Meetings that I first played against another pair of twins, W. and O. Milne. They both possessed a sound knowledge of the game and when at their best could hold their own in any company, but they played together comparatively seldom, for being solicitors in partnership they had to take their outings turn and turn about. They still keep up their interest in the game and a good deal of their old form, as members of the Weybridge Club.

Another well-known player whose name was intimately associated with the Kent meetings, and more particularly with Blackheath, was C. G. Eames—a genuine "sticker" if there ever was one. He used to complain that he absolutely did not know how to hit the ball hard, and that he wished he did; he might have added that he also did not know, apparently, how to hit it out of court. His capacity for finding out almost at once his opponents' weak points was extraordinary, and if you wanted to be sure of beating Eames you had to be good all round. It was funny to see the indignation and dismay of players of the brilliant but uncertain order when pitted against him. A favourite ejaculation of his was "Glad!"—instead of the more usual "Sorry!"—when he scored a lucky ace with the aid of the net cord or what not, his contention being that no one could help *really* feeling glad under such circumstances, and that it was much better not to tell any lies about it!

The men's cup at Beckenham bore a charmed life, and does still, owing to the frequency with which it has changed hands; but the ladies' trophy was won outright by Miss Maud Shackle in 1893, just as it subsequently was by Mrs. Greville (then Miss Austin). Miss Shackle was an ambidextrous base-line player of the most heart-breaking accuracy and steadiness, and yet a fairly hard hitter. She was very keen, excessively good-natured, never spared herself, and would never admit that she was tired. I am told that a breakdown in health consequent upon all this hard work was the cause of her retirement. Her great rival at this and other metropolitan meetings was Miss Jacks, one of the most diminutive players I have ever seen, but, like Miss Shackle, full of pluck, keenness and good temper. She too was mainly a base-line player, Miss Shackle being slightly the better of the two. Their repeated battles quite foreshadowed those of Miss Austin and Miss C. Cooper in later years. I think it was at Blackheath that the inadvisability of not prophesying until you know was once well-illustrated. The committee, anxious to advertise the tournament well, sent out sandwich men with posters announcing some of the principal matches. They made sure that I was coming through to the semi-final of the singles, and accordingly my name appeared on the bill. Unfortunately for them my friend and contemporary at Cambridge, Dr. A. Walker, a very variable, but on his day quite a deadly player, who made for the net on every possible occasion, having to play me in an earlier round, came into court expecting to lose and determined to have a run for his money. He went for everything, and everything came off—with the exception of the forecast of the committee! There was enough mirth over the incident to console me for my somewhat unexpected downfall.

Photo, A. H. Fry.

THE SUSSEX CHAMPIONSHIPS AT BRIGHTON.

Other Meetings

Mr. Samuel Weller's knowledge of London was, we know, extensive and peculiar. I cannot claim the same epithets for my knowledge of lawn tennis tournaments, which, though it extends over a long period of time, has not been so varied as I could wish; and there are many of the big meetings with which I have only a superficial, or, in some cases, a second-hand, acquaintance. Of these are Buxton, the home of the All-England Ladies' Doubles Championship, instituted in 1885, and first won by Mrs. Watts and Miss Bracewell, and then (for three years running) by Miss M. Langrishe and Miss Dod; Scarborough, where the Yorkshire championships come from; Newcastle, a meeting which has grown considerably both in size and importance since my time, and Brighton, largest of the South of England meetings after Eastbourne. There are, of course, also a number of meetings with which I have been associated as referee—but not as a player. I hope, however, that there is still time to add to my experiences and to enlarge the circle of my acquaintance. Nor can I wish for anything more desirable than the opportunity of filling in some of the gaps to which I have referred, and so gaining a more complete insight into the history of a game which I have loved from my youth up, and have seen pass through various phases of prosperity and adversity, threatened at one time with extinction, but always holding on grimly with a vitality which can only be due to the fact that it is one of the best games in the world.

CHAPTER III

COURTS AND CONDITIONS

By G. W. HILLYARD

OF all our great athletic games it has always struck me that lawn tennis, in some respects, is perhaps the most unlucky, labouring as it does under several disadvantages from which its more fortunate "brethren of of the ball" are practically exempt. At the very outset it must be fairly obvious to anyone who gives the matter consideration, that lawn tennis is a game requiring nearly perfect conditions to bring out its best points, and, alas! one may go through a whole English summer without seeing those conditions fulfilled—at all events, as far as tournament play is concerned. How seldom one finds the combination of an absolutely true court, a background that leaves nothing to be desired, and a fine day without wind! The public are particularly unfortunate in that they seldom see the game played as it can be, and is, played, given these conditions; for without them lawn tennis is but an anæmic shadow of itself!

Conditions like the foregoing would, of course, be ideal, and much too good to be expected in this world of imperfect courts and faulty backgrounds. At the same time very much could be accomplished towards attaining this most desirable end—and that without

Photo, Lavis.

G. W. HILLYARD AT EASTBOURNE.

any extraordinary outlay of money—if only a little more foresight, common sense and energy were used in the care of the courts themselves, and also in the way stands, etc., for the accommodation of spectators were placed, with regard to the light and sheltering of the courts. How often, for instance, has one seen a huge white tent carefully placed at the *end* of, perhaps, the principal court, to the utter ruination of the light, when it might have been put up equally conveniently at some other spot on the ground.

Again, I would suggest that stands, as far as possible, should be placed at the *sides* of the courts, and not at the ends; but if this is absolutely unavoidable, then in lieu of the stop-netting, a dark green canvas or some similar material, at least eight feet high, should be erected. If this was done I feel sure we should see a great improve-

ment in the play all round at tournaments, more especially in the Double Game, for which it is absolutely essential to have a good light; otherwise the rallies of quick, low volleys, are conspicuous by their absence, and stroke after stroke is missed, simply because the player has lost sight of the ball against some lady's white dress, where the background of the court *ought* to be.

One is often asked, "What kind of court do you like best?" I think there can be no doubt that nothing quite equals a really perfect grass court, but, unfortunately, they seem almost as difficult to come across as a great auk's egg. Tournaments especially suffer in this respect, and it is scarcely exaggeration to say there is not a single big meeting in England, with the possible exception of the championship, where both the background and floor of the courts are first-class. Even at Wimbledon, good as the centre court is, the sun is in the player's eyes for the greater part of the afternoon, owing to the court not being placed North and South! From what I am told by our present champion, and also his brother, we have a lot to learn in this respect from our American cousins. The courts at Bay Ridge, New York, where the International Matches of 1902 took place, were absolute perfection, and far ahead of any tournament courts in the old country. If this is the case there can be no excuse for us, as we have the double advantage over America of better turf to start with, and a much more suitable climate both for getting and keeping it in order.

Again, bad weather is neither more nor less than calamitous to lawn tennis. Wind or rain completely spoil the game, and rob it of all its science. Now our other games, such as football, cricket and golf, are not affected to nearly so great an extent by inclement conditions; in fact, they frequently enhance and bring out the skill

of the players. Let us take cricket or golf as examples. A "sticky" wicket at the former rather adds to the zest and enjoyment of a match, at all events as far as first-class play is concerned, and gives both bowlers and batsmen every opportunity of displaying their capabilities. Also the players know that, in all probability, the match will be *finished*—no small matter in these days of huge scores and drawn games. Watch a fine golfer like Mr. John Ball or James Braid with half a gale blowing. The wind seems scarcely to affect the flight of the ball, so well and truly is it struck; whilst their more humble imitators are "pulling" and "slicing" all over the country! In fact, at golf, the worse the state of wind and weather the more will the superior player triumph over the inferior, whilst the exact reverse is the case at lawn

THE BROTHERS DOHERTY AT CANNES.

A PRIZE DISTRIBUTION AT CANNES.

tennis, bad conditions tending to bring everyone to a level. Even the temperature has a great effect, not only on the players, but on the play itself. Anyone who has been to the Riviera must have noticed the difference in the flight of the ball an hour will sometimes bring forth in that delightful winter home of the game. You may perhaps start in the cool and early forenoon hitting merrily, every ball going into remote spots of your opponents' court, and altogether behaving like a hard and well-struck ball should behave. But by noon what a change has come over the scene! The sun has heated that cool morning air, and the ball is now a little over-inflated demon, and unless you rapidly fall in with the ever-varying conditions, those fine slogs you were contemplating with so much inward satisfaction only a short time ago will be your undoing, and more often find the back-netting than the enemies' base-line!

THE BEAU SITE COURTS, CANNES: R. F. DOHERTY IN A SINGLE.

THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL AND COUNTESS TORBY ON THE COURTS AT CANNES.

This continual variation of the ball in accordance with differences of temperature is a factor in the game very generally overlooked, and a great deal of the, otherwise unaccountable, in-and-out form amongst first-class players may be traced to this cause, some being suited by a lively ball, others only producing their best game when the ball is dull. Curiously enough all our other important games are played with a *solid* ball—cricket, rackets, polo, tennis, billiards, baseball, golf, hockey, lacrosse; the only exception I can call to mind is football. Of course it is obvious that with the constancy of a solid ball there is one less difficulty to overcome in other games; but after all, the extraordinary difficulty of Lawn Tennis, so cunningly hidden under the

KING EDWARD VII. AFTER WATCHING A MATCH AT CANNES.

THE KING.
KING EDWARD VII. WATCHING A SINGLE AT CANNES.

guise of the utmost apparent simplicity, only adds to its many fascinations!

Next to a good grass court most players seem to prefer sand or gravel. Certainly the sand courts at some of the foreign tournaments tempt one to wish they were universal, so true are they and so well kept. Mr. R. F. Doherty once observed to me that he wished English tournament courts were made of the same material instead of the untrue turf too often met with—in which desire I heartily agree with him! Perhaps the oldest and most renowned of these are the Beau Site courts at Cannes, discovered and pioneered by Renshaw and Lawford sometime about the end of "the seventies." Nearly all our famous players have at some period of their existence made a pilgrimage to this Mecca of Lawn Tennis. These courts are made of a peculiar kind of fine sand, indigenous to that part of the Mediterranean, which, fine—and one might also say, silky—as it is, yet has the property of binding well when watered and rolled, and forms a magnificent surface to play on if kept slightly

clamp. The courts have a good background of orange and eucalyptus trees, and the light in the forenoon, when the sun is "across," leaves nothing to be desired. When one first goes to Cannes, the fast pace of the courts, combined with the brilliant sunshine, is apt to be a little bothering, but these difficulties are soon overcome, and the writer has seen longer points conceded on them than anywhere else in the world. The late Ernest Renshaw always seemed capable of producing his finest game at Cannes, and the astonishing handicap he gave to some players, and yet emerged victorious, had almost to be seen to be believed. One match in particular is impressed on my memory, as it is probably the most extraordinary performance that has ever been accomplished at Lawn Tennis. It happened in this way. One evening, after dinner—yes, I feel sure it must have been *after* dinner—

COUNT VOSS AND R. F. DOHERTY IN A DOUBLE AT NICE.

MISS LOWTHER, MRS. HILLYARD, AND COUNT VOSS (PHOTOGRAPHING) AT HOMBURG.

some of us were talking shop, discussing a forthcoming handicap or something of the sort, when an argument as to odds arose, and in a rash and unguarded moment a certain enthuastic admirer of Ernest's (the latter was not present at the time) backed him to give any man in the room half 40. The bet was instantly taken up on behalf of Mr. W. M. Cranston—who happened to be sitting in a remote corner of the room and had escaped the backer's notice. When Ernest was told about the match he said at once that it was next to impossible to give the points, but consented to play, and added, if people were such idiots as to throw away their money on him that was their look-out! Well, to cut a long story short, the match came off the next morning, and Ernest actually won with a score of 2—6, 6—2, 6—0!

Now the remarkable part of it was the loser was playing by no means a bad game. Possessed of great height, and no little activity, a good service on which he persistently "ran in," it was difficult to see how he could be beaten. Mr. Cranston at the time (I think this was about the year '93 or '94) was not, of course, such a good player as he afterwards became; but for all that, even then, few people would have cared to tackle him at longer odds than half 30 at the outside. Should these lines ever meet his eye I hope he will forgive the writer, whose sole excuse for mentioning the match is that it has always appeared to him to be the most astonishing performance, on the part of the winner, in the annals of the game.

Poor Ernest Renshaw! We shall, probably, never see his like on a court for grace, activity, and resource!

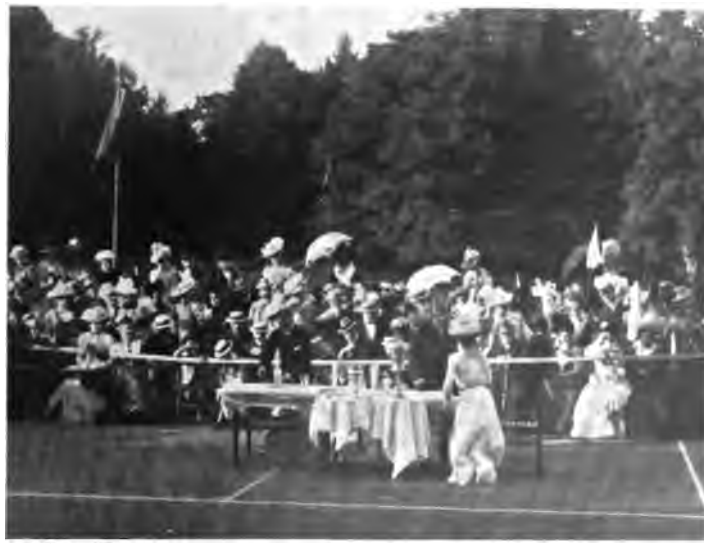


Photo. Voigt.

THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE DISTRIBUTING PRIZES AT HOMBURG.

I well remember one memorable occasion when there had been some great argument as to how much, or how little, a lady's dress handicapped her playing powers. Ernest took the latter view, and was promptly made to dress up in full feminine garb by two indignant lady players, and take the whole double court against them! The comical spectacle he presented, skipping here, there, and everywhere, had to be seen to be appreciated. But, apparently, the costume made not one iota of difference to his game, for finally the ladies had to capitulate, if only from sheer exhaustion of laughter!

But to return to our courts! The Riviera is rich in this respect, as besides Cannes there is an excellent and well-managed Lawn Tennis Club at Nice with beautifully true sand courts on which the South of France Championships are annually contested. The conditions at Nice have recently undergone very welcome improvements and now leave nothing to be desired. The foundations of the courts have been relaid, rendering the surface almost as true as a billiard-table; while an excellent background of dark green canvas has lately been added. Journeying a little further eastward along the coast we reach far-famed Monte Carlo, and even in this enchanting and beautiful spot, where the goddess of chance permits few rivals to her charms, there are two fairly good sand courts on which an open tournament is generally held about the middle of March.

It is a far cry from Monte Carlo to Homburg, and there is a still greater difference between the tennis seasons of the two places, the open event at the latter town taking place during August. It is a charming tournament held at the height of the Homburg season, and well repays the tiresome journey from England. Here we again find our old friend the sand court, and

THE COURTS AT HAMBURG.

excellent courts they are, with a beautiful dense background of high trees. Probably, Homburg is the most cosmopolitan tournament in the world, and one may encounter a Frenchman the first round, a Dutchman the second, an Italian the third, and so on! This gives an International flavour to the play which makes it very interesting. Unlike any tournament in England, Homburg rejoices in no less than *two* open singles, and one has to guard against the temptation of entering for too many events, as the climate is rather hot and enervating, and fatigue cannot be borne so easily as in the colder and more bracing English air.

A somewhat amusing incident happened at one of the meetings there. An English player of the front rank chanced to encounter the champion of—well, let us say Timbuctoo, in the handicap, at the difference of owe 30. The "African Warrior," who presumably had

DR. PIM AT HOMBURG.

little or no experience of first-class players, when he heard the odds he received, casually remarked: "No man can owe me 30, it is impossible, it cannot be done." In spite of his confidence he was very badly beaten, but his quaint conceit of himself was absolutely unshaken, as he at once remarked: "Ah, that man must have been much above his form!"

There are few games in which good and bad players are so very far apart as lawn tennis, and this, in one respect, is a drawback, as it renders it so extremely difficult to obtain a good game between men of greatly different calibre. At golf, half a stroke, or at the outside a stroke a hole, will bring most people together, and can result in an enjoyable contest in spite of the difference in class, but half 40 soon palls on both the giver and receiver of odds at lawn tennis. At one time, what I must call for want of a better term, the garden party style of player, was strangely ignorant of his real form, or rather lack of form, and because he happened to be champion of "Slocum-in-the-Hole," considered himself quite capable of winning at Wimbledon if he only took the trouble to enter the lists. More than one curious match has been the outcome of this ignorance. I recollect one evening, some years ago now, one of this species had been laying down the law about lawn tennis in

general, and his own prowess in particular, until he rather got on our nerves, and someone remarked: "Oh, shut up, I'll give you 30, and play you for a tenner with my ulster on, buttoned up!" Our "garden party hero" immediately jumped at what he thought would prove such a soft thing for him, and the match duly came off with the result that the man in the ulster got very hot but won very easily—to the intense disgust and discomforture of his opponent, who not only lost his money, but was most unmercifully chaffed into the bargain.

This sort of person has usually a profound contempt for ladies' play. I remember once when the local club of a certain provincial town was playing the M.C.C., most of the cricketers were staying in a country house close by, and among the guests chanced to be the lady champion of that year. The conversation during dinner somehow drifted to lawn tennis and ladies' play, and one of the cricketers, a certain officer who fancied himself more than a little, remarked that if any lady could beat *him* he would break his racket and never play again! "Oh!"

A GROUP OF FOREIGN PLAYERS AT HOMBURG, 1901.

THE ENGLISH TEAM IN PORTUGAL: KING CARLOS AND H. S. MAHONY IN A MIXED DOUBLE.

said our host, who was a humorous person and saw the chance of some fun, "there is a lady here I will back against you for a modest wager!" The gallant captain, not knowing the lady champion was present, and in any case being perfectly confident of his power to beat one of the fair sex, champion or not, instantly accepted the challenge. Next morning a court was marked out on the cricket ground and the match was played, the lady winning three straight sets, 6—o, 6—o, 6—o!

The Hamburg tournament generally precedes Homburg, and is held on the excellent sand courts of the Uhlenhorst Club, and presided over by that most genial of sportsmen, Herr von der Meden, who, I need hardly say, gives the warmest of welcomes to any English competitor. The "gallery" is not as large as we are accustomed to see at most of our home meetings, as the

general public is not admitted to the grounds, but what it lacks in size it amply makes up for in enthusiasm, as practically all the spectators are players themselves, and thoroughly appreciate the niceties of the game—to my mind the *sine qua non* of an audience. This tournament, for some reason or other, fell through for a year or two, but was revived again last season, and it is to be hoped that it will not again be allowed to lapse, as it is one of the most enjoyable of meetings, and deserves the support and encouragement of everyone keen on the game.

So enormous has been the growth of foreign play during the last few years it would be quite outside the scope of this article to describe in detail one half of the courts and tournaments scattered far and wide throughout the length and breadth of the Continent; but no chapter would be complete without some mention of

Photo, H. S. Mahony.
THE BRITISH TEAM ON THE WAY TO PORTUGAL.

MISS ROBB AT THE CASCAES CLUB, IN PORTUGAL.

what the writer will always look back on as one of the most enjoyable weeks he has ever spent in the pursuit of lawn tennis.

There happened to be present at the All-England Championship of 1901 a Portuguese gentleman who was the hon. secretary of the principle lawn tennis club in Portugal, and so delighted was he with the play that nothing would satisfy him until he had induced an English team to go to Lisbon, in order to play a series of matches against the Portuguese "cracks." Satisfactory arrangements were made, largely owing to the generous and most sporting manner in which the owner of a certain steamship line placed one of his boats at the disposal of the visiting side. Miss Robb, Mrs. Durlacher, my wife, H. S. Mahony, C. H. L. Cazalet, and myself formed the party. Lisbon was reached after the agony of a rough passage through the Bay, and we went straight on to our headquarters at Cascaes. This little town is the fashionable watering place of Lisbon, some ten or a dozen miles from the capital, and it was here that the various matches

were to be decided. As is usually the case abroad, we found some half-dozen perfect courts in the charming grounds of the Cascaes Club.

The Portuguese, for some reason, are much keener on "mixed" and doubles than singles, and the international part of the programme consisted of three pairs on each side in the two former events, American fashion. The King of Portugal, an enthusiastic player, was one of the competitors. Although both issues were placed to our credit, the general feeling on our part was one of surprise that our hosts made such a creditable fight, as, of course, compared to England, the tennis playing part of the population is exceedingly small, and moreover none of them, with the exception of their hon. secretary, had ever even seen first-class play before. As the club grounds were private, and admission entirely by invitation, the

THE KING OF PORTUGAL PLAYING.

SIGNOR PINTO BASTO ON THE CASCAES COURTS.

audience was what our Society journals call a "small and select" one, but it has never before been my good fortune to play to such an enthusiastic "gallery." During our sojourn we were much gratified by the repeated declarations of our hosts of the immense amount of good our visit would do to Portuguese lawn tennis, and to anyone keen on the advancement of the game this is no small gratification. I must again comment on the excellence of the Cascaes courts, and regret we, in England, are so deplorably behind the times in this respect.

Covered Courts

The inventor of lawn tennis very possibly only thought of the game as an out-door pursuit, but enthusiasts soon requisitioned Drill Halls and Winter Gardens—in fact, anything with a roof on and enough length, breadth and light—to enjoy their pet hobby during the long winter months, when grass courts were out of the question, and open-air play in general disagreeable. Very soon courts specially designed for the game were built—I believe one of the first of these was the Hyde Park Court, now no longer in existence owing to the encroach-

ments of the London builder; although rather cramped for room, some of the finest games ever seen took place on its classic floor. The Covered Court championship was held there until the club's demise, when it was passed over to the fine courts of the Queen's Club, comparatively new at the time, and an improvement in many respects on the old "Hyde Park." Probably the best court in England belonged to the late Lord Cavan, himself a great enthusiast and patron of the game. So perfect were the conditions, that in any match of importance which took place there, spectators were nearly certain to be delighted with an unusually high-class exhibition of skill.

One hundred and twenty-six feet long, sixty-six feet wide, and forty feet high, with a beautifully constructed roof the *whole* of which was glass, the floor and walls

Photo, S. D. Simond.

G. A. CARIDIA.
"TOM" FLEMING. G. M. SIMOND. C. F. SIMOND. W. CALDERON.

THE LAST MATCH ON THE OLD HYDE PARK COURT.

stained a dull black, the only possible fault that could be found was the floor, made of some asphalt kind of composition, would occasionally "sweat" after a sharp frost.

The bound of the ball was truer and better off this composition than any wooden floor I have yet played on, though I think there is no doubt the latter, if *properly constructed and stained*, would be superior in every respect to any "metal" floor.

Two very fine covered courts have recently been erected at Stockholm under the immediate patronage of the Crown Prince, who is himself an ardent votary of the game. I am indebted to Mr. M. J. Ritchie for the following description of them. "The light is admitted chiefly through side windows rather high up, and is very different from the top light one is used to at the Queen's Club. This is most disconcerting at first, and personally it took me a good week to get accustomed to it. The floor is very similar to the Queen's * but not so fast. The courts at night are lighted by electricity, and all the members of the club say it is practically as good as daylight, when you get used to it. I cannot give an opinion on this point as I did not happen to play by electric light whilst I was there. The arrangements for it are very complete, with large shades, etc. The Courts are also luxuriously fitted with miniature Turkish baths. I can assure any English player who goes to Stockholm

* Author's note: In the opinion of a great many players, amongst whom may be mentioned no less an authority than the present champion, Mr. H. L. Doherty, the floor of the Queen's is *too* fast. Through constant use the stain has worn off in many places and the boards have become quite polished. The consequence is a really hard hit stroke "skids," keeping so low as hardly to allow of a proper return being made from it, even if one is lucky enough to reach the ball at all.

Photo. Thurston.

THE EARL OF CAVAN'S COVERED COURT.

that he will be most hospitably received, and it will be his own fault if he does not thoroughly enjoy his visit."

It is astonishing the amount of ignorance that still exists about lawn tennis. The game has been watched for a goodly number of years by the general public, and yet even at the present time the majority of people look on a lawn tennis player as a professional. Only last season I saw a letter at one of the tournaments from a lady, asking the hon. secretary which day she should come, in order to see "the Dohertys and the *other* professionals play"! Now apparently one is not regarded in this light if one plays in a golf tournament, and yet I fail to see the difference.

Perhaps one reason is that at lawn tennis tournaments gate money is charged. This is a necessity, as the expenses of erecting stands, supplying balls, etc., are so heavy that no meeting could possibly be "run," except at a heavy loss, without such gate money. In the nature of things this is fortunately not the case with golf. Possibly another reason is that the best players take part in so many of the big tournaments during the summer, the public are apt to think they make a business of the game, and stigmatise them off-hand as professionals or pot-hunters, or both! Now this is decidedly unfair criticism.

I do not for a moment mean to assert that pot-hunters are unknown at lawn tennis. At what game, where there are prizes to be won, could such an assertion be upheld? But in a somewhat lengthy experience I have come across very few of the breed, and have found the majority of players, the very great majority, go to tournaments solely for the sake of measuring their skill with other players as good as, or better than, themselves, who otherwise they would have little chance of

Photo, Stereoscopic Co.

THE COVERED COURTS AT QUEEN'S CLUB, WEST KENSINGTON.

encountering. I am happy in being able to record that this is the case with almost all our crack players, and that times out of number I've heard the remark, "Oh, I sha'n't go to such and such a tournament, as nobody will be there worth playing," whereas if prizes had been the sole aim and object, the speaker might have gone and swept the board.

As for professionalism, this is a ridiculous idea and scarcely merits refutation. Once for all, whatever unwished for developments the future may bring forth, up to the present the "paid amateur" does not exist, and, moreover, it is difficult to conceive circumstances when it would be worth anyone's while to bring him into existence.

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It is strange the game has not been more encouraged at our public schools. It seems a great pity this should be the case. One reason I've heard given is that it would interfere with cricket. I take leave to doubt this statement, believing there is plenty of room for both without any detriment whatever to cricket. There are always a large number of boys at every school who are not keen on cricket, and only take part in it more or less under compulsion. Of course, boys ought to play some game, and rightly enough, in lieu of anything else, are made to take their share of cricket *nolens volens*, to prevent loafing, and as a training. But I firmly believe a great percentage of these lukewarm cricketers, whose affections do not happen to be centred in that particular game, and who will never do any good at it in consequence, would readily take to lawn tennis given the opportunity. This at all events was found to be the case in H.M.S. *Britannia*, the training ship for officers of the Royal Navy. And yet I doubt if any school in England could

produce a better cricket team, age for age, than the Naval Cadets eleven of that ship! What finer summer game could be wished for than lawn tennis? Sound wind, cool judgment, instant decision, activity, nerve, imperturbability, dogged perseverance, and great staying power —all these are required of the man who aspires to the highest honours at the game.

There has always been a tendency to cavil at lawn tennis amongst those people who have not played it seriously. It is difficult to assign a reason, except ignorance, for this, unless it be that ladies play, and play well. But then, nowadays, golf, hockey and even cricket are open to this *objection* (?). At golf, indeed, the ladies are not quite so far behind their male rivals as at lawn tennis; for whilst at the latter game the very best men can concede the odds of half 40 to the best of the "weaker" sex, rash would be the man who attempted to give fourteen strokes (roughly speaking, the equivalent odds) to our foremost lady golfers. Whilst if any say in their ignorance that lawn tennis is a feeble and effeminate game, we have the testimony, amongst others, of no less authorities than Mr. Eustace Miles and Peter Latham, respectively the present Amateur and Professional Tennis and Racket Champions of the World, to its being one of the most difficult and physically exhausting games they have ever taken part in. It may be urged that lawn tennis, like golf, is a selfish game for boys, tending to make them play for their own hand only. But then, logically speaking, rackets ought also to be tabooed.

I believe, in the future, there will be keen inter-school competitions, when it will be just as great an honour to play in the school team at lawn tennis as it now is at cricket, football or rackets.

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That lawn tennis should enjoy the extraordinary popularity it undoubtedly does, and have emerged triumphant from its chrysalis stage as a "Society craze" of the moment to an international pastime, speaks whole volumes for the game. And this, despite the unaccountably hostile and often strangely unjust attitude which, for some occult reason, most of the English daily papers for years thought fit to adopt towards it. An enmity only exceeded by the astonishing nonsense they contrived to write about the game on the rare occasions when they condescended to report it at all.

In the last few years, however, a change has crept o'er the scene. Despite its *requiem* regularly sung by one of our great dailies about every twelve months, lawn tennis has not only refused to die, but has even had the temerity to steadily grow and expand, and now it is possible to read with one's morning coffee a fairly accurate and intelligent account of most of the important matches of the season.

CHAPTER IV

LAWN TENNIS FOR LADIES

By MRS. STERRY

I HAVE been asked to write a chapter on ladies' play, and feel so much honoured by the request that I cannot but accept. But I must claim the indulgence of my readers, as what I am about to write is only a humble opinion of a lover of the game of lawn tennis. Moreover, I do not in any way pose as a literary scribe.

Many ladies have asked me to suggest how they are to learn to play the game. This is always a difficult question to answer; so much depends on the person herself. A good eye, quickness and activity are such important factors, which, perhaps, only a girl who is fond of other sports obtains many opportunities for devoloping. Personally, I attribute my success mainly to indulging in outdoor pursuits from my very early childhood, and joining with my brothers in whatever games they played. Later on, when I started tennis I found what great advantage all this had been to me. Another essential point to learn at the outset is the right and the wrong way of playing the various strokes; it is so easy to acquire a bad style, and so very difficult to alter it afterwards. I believe the best way to learn strokes is to trespass on the good nature of one of the

first-class men players, and get him to point out how they ought to be taken. Once this knowledge has been acquired, it should be followed up by practising each stroke separately. A great mistake, I think, many lady players make is by always playing in practice only to win, and not to improve their weak points. A good half-hour's "knock up" with the latter object in view is of far more value than many sets played with the sole idea of bettering your opponent. The method of one of the many players to whose kindness and instruction I owe so much, might with great advantage be followed by the girl who is anxious to become proficient. He would take some of the leading strokes of the game, such as the service, the return of the service, the quick volley at the net, and assiduously practice each stroke separately until he became almost master of it. Nor was this only confined to tennis. When commencing golf he would even retire to his room and, regardless of the damage to the walls, practise the various strokes over and over again. In proof of his methods I may add that he very soon became a leading light in the lawn tennis world, and that success at golf was even more speedily attained—within only a few months of taking seriously to the game he established a record for the links.

It is, of course, necessary for an ambitious lady player to join a club, and still more necessary to join the right one. There is, I suppose, a Lawn Tennis Club in nearly every place of any importance and sometimes more than one; but the standard of play differs enormously. There is the club which exists principally as a social gathering—an elaborated garden-party—where tennis is really only a secondary matter, and where one has little chance of improving one's play to any serious extent, or of learning the science of the game. This, I venture to say, is the

A GROUP OF LEADING LADY PLAYERS, 1885.

Photo, Lewis.
SOUTH OF ENGLAND LADIES' CHAMPIONSHIP: MRS. GREVILLE *v.* MRS. HILLYARD.

club to be avoided. Let me not for a moment imply, however, that serious lawn tennis involves unsociability, and cutting oneself off from one's inferiors in that respect. On the contrary, the reverse of these are the attractions and delights of the game. It is, however, absolutely necessary to join a club where first-class practice can be obtained, for the only way to improve is by playing against one's superiors. I have often heard the remark made that such-and-such a club is very "cliquey." This may be so, but is it not very difficult to avoid? On the other hand, I often think there is a great deal of selfishness shown over the game—and players are very seldom seen playing with those who are a good deal their inferiors. I often look back to the time when I was quite a beginner, and what pleasure it gave me, and how proud I felt, when any good player asked me to have a game. And nowadays when

ladies' tennis is advancing, if not in quality, at least in quantity, how much better and more sociable clubs would be if people not only always played with their equals and superiors, but now and again had a game with those who are not perhaps quite so capable, but just as anxious to improve. It would not deteriorate one's play, and it would make the game still more popular. After all, it is the inferior players on whose support, to a great extent, the existence of tournaments depends, and they are the ones to be encouraged.

Having got so far in the game I think the rest is practice and experience, and this is easily obtained by tournament play, which has obvious advantages. It improves one's game, it gives one confidence, and points out one's many faults, not only through playing against good players but, what is more, by watching them, and

MISS ROBB AND MRS. PICKERING,
Ladies' Doubles Champions of England, 1900-1902.

trying to detect why this or that stroke were lost or won. Of course, tournament play may involve travelling about a great deal, perhaps to the North of England, or even as far as Ireland or Scotland, and it naturally means a good deal of expense. Morever, many a parent is prejudiced against her daughter having so much freedom, but my mother was always most lenient (and I consider most sensible) in that respect, and turned a deaf ear to anyone who advised her not to allow my sister and myself to travel about. Owing to her broadmindedness we spent some very happy times, and made a great many friends. The amount of hospitality that has been shown to me during my tennis career I shall never forget; and I only trust that later on, when I have given up the game, I shall not lose sight of the various friends I have made. I feel sure a great many lady-players are of the same opinion.

Some of the most enjoyable tournaments I have experienced and always looked forward to from year to year are the Fitzwilliam, at Dublin, and the Northern Tournament. Though the journey to the former is rather an undertaking, and it is a little early in the season for an International Championship, yet these drawbacks are more than discounted by the proverbial Irish hospitality that is showered on one, and I can confidently recommend any lady who wishes for a most enjoyable tennis week to pay a visit to the Fitzwilliam. One of the chief features of the Northern Tournament is the Committee. How hard its members work, and yet always have a kind word for everyone! I especially remember the jolly trio—Messrs. Shipman, Kay, and Brown. Another very pleasant meeting is the Newcastle Tournament, and the seaside tournaments, with the "wind-up" of the season at Brighton and Eastbourne, are naturally most enjoyable; but as each comes round in its turn it is

Photo, Lavis.

A GROUP OF LEADING LADY PLAYERS, 1902.

difficult to pick out one more than another—they all have their own individual attractions.

A remark often made by non-players, which is very annoying, is: "What do you do without your tennis in the winter?" Because one happens to make it one's chief pastime in the summer and take the opportuuity of visiting different places in England, it is not absolutely necessary to pursue it all through the winter months. Moreover, very few ladies have an opportunity of playing in covered courts. My idea is that one plays just as well in the summer without winter practice. It is rather a good thing to have a few really good hard practices on a hard court at Easter-time, so as to start with renewed energy and with a view to thoroughly enjoying the game, and doing one's best at it, instead of making a labour of it, which it must become if one never puts away one's racket. There are various winter games to keep one's eye in practice, such as golf, badminton, and—may I be bold enough to mention it?—ping-pong—a game which certainly requires quickness of the eye.

Some of the sterner sex have suggested that tournaments might be carried on better without lady players, but I venture to assert that the majority see the ridiculous side of this. Although a lady player myself, I am sure tournaments would not possess half their present attractions if men alone competed. Of course the two games are absolutely different from one another, and cannot in any way be compared in regard to skill and severity of strokes; but it goes without saying that lawn tennis is one of the best games for ladies, and can be made most graceful. Moreover, the whole aspect of a tournament is improved by the different players in their light costumes. To my idea—although of course people's opinions differ—nothing looks smarter or more in keeping with the game

Photo. Lavis. MISS ROBB SERVING.

than a nice hanging white skirt (about two inches off the ground), white blouse, white band, and a pale-coloured silk tie, and white collar. Nor can ladies be too particular about "going into court" looking perfectly spick and span, for all eyes are on them. Many an onlooker understands nothing about the game, and the next thing generally is to criticise the player and her looks.

As regards the play itself a very hard Single can scarcely be called a pleasure; it taxes the strength almost too much. If the game is taken up really seriously, strict training must to a certain extent be followed, for staying-power is everything in a well-contested match. Very often at various tournaments, dances are given in the middle of the week; these are very enjoyable, but I must say, if one stays up dancing till all hours of the morning, it is well-nigh impossible to play a good game of tennis the next day.

One thing that certainly saves a lady a great deal of exertion is volleying. Boys at the age of eleven and twelve always volley (whether they do it well or badly), and practise that stroke just in the same way as they do the ground strokes. It would be a very good thing, now that girls at school are taking up the game so much, if they were taught to volley more. It would come naturally to them in the end, whereas if they only begin to volley when they have left school, they find it much more difficult, and often cannot grasp the natural way of taking it. I think, to some extent, overhand service helps a great deal in volleying, and this also cannot be learnt too soon.

While on the question of the service I must say that I am very glad that the subject of ladies' footfaulting has been brought forward in "Lawn Tennis"; for, although ladies never run in on their service, yet, if there is a rule it should be strictly observed by all; moreover, a certain amount of advantage must be gained. Some ladies stand with their feet right over the line, and I know that I myself am supposed to be one of the chief offenders in this respect. The fault, however, is not so much with the player as with the umpire. Let us trust, now that the rule has been altered, a fresh start will be made and the players be more careful—and the umpires more mindful of their duties.

The chief qualities to possess in a Single, in addition to staying-power, are pluck and judgment—the art of using one's head. Never say die, until the last stroke is actually played. How many matches have been won when 5—2 has been called against one? Mrs. Hillyard is a splendid example of the true fighter. Her persistency and pluck on the court are wonderful; as for her staying-power she seems to be able to last for ever.

Photo, Downey.

MISS DOD,

Lady Champion of England, 1887-8, and 1891-3.

She certainly heads the list of the most victorious in ladies' singles, and is one of the most sporting of them. Certainly no keener player ever stepped on a tennis court. It does not matter if her adversary happens to be a third-class player, to whom she could owe 40 and give 30; she is always just as nice to her as if she were her equal. Just the same again in handicap matches—whoever her opponent or partner may happen to be, she is just as keen as if it were a championship Single. Many a valuable lesson can be learnt by playing against or watching Mrs. Hillyard.

One thing weak about ladies' play is their failure to make use of their various strokes—so many will try and make winning shots, instead of just returning the ball quietly, and waiting the opportunity of killing it. If one finds one is losing the match through bad tactics, why not try others? Many an almost certain defeat has been turned into a victory in this way.

People always laugh when I say I enjoy a good ladies' double more than a Single or a Mixed. The reason is that there is so much more evenness in the game when there are four ladies, instead of two ladies and two gentlemen. Their strokes are more uniformly matched. It goes without saying that, of course, one lady on each side must be up at the net. Doubles with all four at the back ought to be abolished forthwith—it is not only an absurd game to look at, but it spoils the name of ladies' doubles. Umpires fight shy when they hear "it's for a ladies' double"; and the four players are certainly a stumbling-block in the way of referees by keeping one court the greater part of an afternoon with their ding-dong strokes—no head-work and no skill whatever. Assuredly every year more ladies are going up to the net, and no first-class lady-player who solely depends on back court play

Photo, Lavis.

MRS. HILLYARD SERVING.

will partner another whose style is similar. This combination, however strong individually, has been proved time after time to be a failure. Neither do I consider two lady-volleyers a success—they cannot get quick enough back to take a good lob, and are passed easily at the net.

The question often arises as to whether ladies' play has improved of late years. It is difficult to determine. One fact is certain, and that is that the general standard of play has improved vastly, owing to so many club matches and club tournaments where ladies can compete when too humble to enter for an open tournament. In a few years' time, I think, the standard of second-class ladies' play all-round will be a great deal higher than at the present day. What I mean is—there is far more competition, the game all through is played far more scientifically, and many more are taking up all-round strokes.

Photo, Lewis.

LADIES' FINAL AT EASTBOURNE: MRS. HILLYARD *v.* MRS. STERRY.

Lastly, I must just touch on Mixed Doubles. To my mind it is the most nervous game of any to play. One feels so far inferior to one's partner. Mixed Doubles are played in a very different style to what they were a few years back; so many ladies go in for volleying nowadays instead of being at the back of the court. It is a very open question which is the best game. Of course a man has to change his tactics when playing with a lady-volleyer, as he is expected to take all balls over her head. In my humble opinion I often think a man considers he is responsible for almost too much, and wants the lady to have her nose practically over the net—which most decidedly puts *her* entirely off her own game, makes her lose all confidence in her strokes, and makes her miss the easiest balls, not knowing whether to leave them or take them.

MISS B. TULLOCK.

I do not think there is much for me to add with regard to ladies' lawn tennis, and I appeal to the generosity of my readers to pardon any faults they may find in this chapter. All I can say is, I have never thought so much about the game in the whole course of my career as I have since I was asked to contribute to this volume.

CHAPTER V

PLAYERS OF THE PRESENT

By A. WALLIS MYERS

To classify with any degree of assurance the merits of leading lawn tennis players is a task, uninviting and perhaps invidious, that may safely be left to the expert handicapper who deals professionally in "sixths." I am not going to attempt the construction of any authoritative ladder. *Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis.* Yet there cannot fail to be something incongruous in a classification list of either sex that contains near its centre the name of a famous amateur that a few years back could have been nowhere except at the top. The result may register the natural advance of a younger and more active hand, and indicate a process of evolution, inevitable and perhaps desirable, but it is, nevertheless, a sad spectacle for the seasoned spectator to observe a one-time "invincible" visibly losing ground. Better, perhaps, that he or she should have retired altogether from the arena while the laurels of championship were still green. Deterioration in any form is pathetic.

But this reflection is not intended—far from it—as a plea for any modern first-class exponents to drop out of the lists. And why should they? They have all the experience that years of tournament play has given them; they know the court, and the people who crowd round

the court know them, and delight in their presence, even in their mannerisms; they may have become institutions at certain meetings—valuable assets to the authorities controlling the "gate." Let them remain and join the noble rank of veterans in due course.

But I am digressing. It is not my purpose either to compare the methods of present-day players with those of the past school, or to discuss the advance or retrogression of modern lawn tennis: other and more capable writers have revealed their thoughts on these topics. My own humble opinion is that the game has suffered in quality and gained, as it were, in quantity in recent years. At its best championship meetings the winners, in nine cases out of ten, may be foretold before a ball is served; and it generally happens that when the "tenth" case does occur, and a surprise is effected, the event is due, not so much to any exhibition of brilliancy on the part of the victor, but to that mysterious slackness on the part of the loser which occasionally shows itself, even in the best of players. This accurate prophecy was not so pronounced ten years ago, though in the Renshaw epoch it was much in evidence, and in a few years, perhaps, the element of certainty in open events may be almost entirely absent. While it prevails, the public are more concerned with watching the accustomed brilliancy of their favourites than with anticipating the result of the match, which has never had great attractions for the betting-man. And this, of course, is the wholesome thing to do. After all, the average onlooker comes to a meeting and pays his entrance money at the gate, not to applaud the winners when all is over, but to see lawn tennis played by its best exponents; I doubt whether, even if the result were to hang more in the balance, he would trouble himself with idle speculations on the ultimate score.

At the same time, the fact remains and must not be overlooked, that in England there is, with a few notable exceptions, a sad absence of really advancing talent such as can compete, with confidence of ultimate success, at a large open tournament. It is not the case on the Continent, it is not the case in America, nor is it the case in the Colonies. The lack of proper instruction in lawn tennis in our public schools, and its support there by the authorities—which more than one contributor to this volume has deplored—is assuredly a factor in bringing about this serious dearth of advancing ability; but others exist, notably the reluctance of wealthy clubs to employ a professional instructor, and the "cliquishness" in others, which prevents match committees from encouraging the efforts of a new and promising member. Until these matters receive proper attention, the ranks of first-class players are not likely to be recruited, nor the standard of efficiency maintained. There is one event, however, the certain coming of which will undoubtedly exercise a highly beneficial effect on English players—the invasion of foreign prize-winners. Once let their supremacy be seriously threatened, as undoubtedly it will be, and English players may be expected to realise their limitations, and seek the means whereby the game shall receive greater encouragement, and the younger generations more opportunities for excelling in its arts.

But let us return to the present. Whom is there in England in 1903 to uphold our honour against invaders from foreign courts? The mind naturally turns first to the Dohertys. Like the Baddeley brothers, whom they succeeded as Doubles Champions of England, R. F. and H. L. Doherty may be said to have burst into national fame almost at a moment's notice. Yet they had their juvenile triumphs like the Baddeley twins. When only

Photo, Voigl.

MR. R. F. DOHERTY,
Champion of England, 1897 to 1900.

fifteen years of age, the present champion, Mr. Hugh Lawrence Doherty, won a ten-guinea cup and the title of "Boy Champion of All England." His elder brother, Champion of England for four years in succession, also started his career "in knickers"—when only twelve years of age, he won the juvenile Singles at a tournament in Wales, also bearing off the Doubles with his brother, W. V. Doherty, who, though only thirteen himself, was considered too good to enter for the Singles! W. V., by the way, being a Minor-Canon of Christ Church, Oxford, has not now the necessary time to devote to lawn tennis; but he was President of the L.T.C. at Oxford, and is still a brilliant exponent of the game.

R. F. and H. L. chose Cambridge as their *alma mater*, and it is needless to say that both were immediately given their blues against Oxford, each being President of the club in turn, and neither losing a single match in an inter-'Varsity contest. Indeed, in 1896 Cambridge beat Oxford to the tune of eighteen matches to love. After coming down, their field naturally widened and the brothers began that attack on the principal meetings at home and abroad which has resulted in one long succession of triumphs. R. F. won the "All Comers" at Wimbledon in 1897, and by defeating H. S. Mahony, the holder of the championship, assumed the premier position, and retained it against all claimants for four successive years. In 1901, however, obviously not at his best, he was defeated by A. W. Gore, whose victory, though merited on the day's play, came as a surprise. H. L. entered the championship round for the first time in 1898, defeating H. S. Mahony; but the subsequent match with his brother was scarcely regarded as a serious effort on either side, and the latter was practically given a "walk over." The next appearance of the younger

Photo, Lavis.

FINAL OF MEN'S DOUBLES AT EASTBOURNE, 1900: THE DOHERTYS *v.* HILLYARD AND CAZALET.

in the concluding stage was not made until last year, when, his brother having retired from the contest before competing a round, he met and vanquished Gore by three sets to one.

If, individually, the brothers have held every important open championship, including that of Ireland, Scotland, and the South of France, as a pair they have only once been beaten in recent years in a championship match, and that was the memorable contest at Wimbledon last year, when S. H. Smith and F. L. Riseley wrested the Doubles Championship from their hands by the odd game after they had held it for five successive years. It is a most remarkable thing, but none the less true, that until that event happened only thrice since 1883 had couples, not brothers, won the Doubles Championship of England. In Dublin the Dohertys, as a pair, have now equalled their English record and retained the Irish Championship for five successive seasons; in the Scottish Doubles on the two occasions they entered the lists, they carried everything before them; and lastly their brilliant victory last August over Davis and Ward, at Newport, U.S.A., entitled them to be styled the Doubles Champions of America—the first Englishmen who have ever borne the trophy out of the States. In the covered courts the brothers have been equally successful. H. L. is now Covered Court Champion of Europe, as well as of England, while the brothers have held the Doubles Championship on the wood since 1898. In Mixed Doubles both have won countless prizes, and each has attained to the highest possible honour in this department of the game.

There can be no question that the Dohertys—as a pair—have been for some time superior to any other in Europe or America. It is true they were beaten at

Wimbledon last year; but it would be childish to balance one solitary defeat against an overwhelming list of unbroken successes. Whether, individually, either is the finest amateur in both hemispheres, is another matter on which opinions differ, as they do on a comparison of the brothers' respective merits. Lately, there has been a disposition on the part of the elder to allow the younger to step into his shoes; and as all cup holders probably know, once a position of supremacy is lost or relinquished, the Fates do not usually combine to restore its possession. A championship match at Wimbledon must be a great strain both on the nerves and the muscles; I am never really surprised when an "old champion," once deposed, decides to drop out of the lists altogether.

It is said that the true test of a player's greatness is to find the leading racket-maker evolving a new racket and calling it after his name; and if this is the case the Dohertys have every reason to be proud of their achievements. Slazenger's "Doherty" racket, with its double centre-strings, is now almost universal among match players of the present day, both in this country and abroad. E. G. Meers and A. W. Gore are, by the way, other well-known players who have been honoured in the same way by the same eminent firm.

Though S. H. Smith has not yet reached the pinnacle of fame—and luck seems, so far, to have deserted him at Wimbledon—there can be no question that the famous Stroud player stands as high to-day as he ever did, and that with the single exception of the champion, whom he has more than once defeated, there is not a man in England who is quite his equal. His judgment and activity, above all his severity from the back of the court, are masterly, the "Smith drive" having passed into the category of popular expressions. Whatever Smith

S. H. SMITH DRIVING.

achieved in previous years, his record last year stands out as his best. He won the Northern and Welsh Championships, and was first at Edgbaston, Northumberland, Brighton and Eastbourne. Out of the sixteen matches he played, only two were lost—against H. L. Doherty and Ritchie. That must be accounted as a very remarkable performance, but in the double game, partnered by F. L. Riseley, Smith did even better. Since the pair began playing together in June, not a single defeat did they encounter, the English Championship, the Northern Championship, the South of England Championship, and several other open events falling to their lot. This record was all the more notable because of the unorthodox tactics adopted by the Westerners. Smith generally stood at the back, or nearly at the back, of the court; Riseley, one of the finest volleyers in existence, stood a few inches from the net, and given anything approaching a loose ball, never failed to score outright. Smith, too, has developed latent volleying powers which have surprised his admirers—did he not again win the Mixed Doubles Championship with Miss Martin? Weak spots in their combination occasionally showed themselves, notably when Smith

Photo, Lavis.

MR. S. H. SMITH,
Champion of the South of England, 1902.

sometimes bungled an overhead smash at the net; but it was clearly a very powerful and effective union, which had the unique honour of beating the Dohertys at their own game.

Smith's rise to fame and distinction has been undeniably merited. He has been appearing in public tournaments now for a dozen years, and each season his form has improved and his "bag" of victims swelled in size and importance. Thus ten years ago we find him classified as receiving fifteen from Mahony and almost as much from G. W. Hillyard—both players to whom at present he could accede two-sixths. He has not been one of those players to burst, like a meteor, into prominence, and it was not until three or four years ago that his efforts were characterised by any great display of scientific brilliancy. He has doggedly worked his way up the ladder of fame, improving year by year, profiting by experience on the way. He now holds a unique position as the hardest driver of the day, the surest and speediest "linesman" in England. Smith has never been attracted much to the covered court or to foreign fields, but he is an inveterate "entry" at English and Welsh meetings, as his splendid record will show.

Another eminent player who has been steadily improving year by year, and who may at any time reach the goal of his ambition, is H. Roper Barrett. Like many another leading light, Roper Barrett learnt the rudiments of the game by practising every night after business at a local club, first finding the length of the court from any position and by every kind of stroke, beginning with lobs, and gradually increasing his stock in trade. Ten years ago he was classified in the "Second Class Handicap," though he never failed for the sake of practice to enter for

the open events. His progress has been steady rather than brilliant, and in common with most men he has had his vicissitudes. At present he holds the Championship of Belgium (won four years in succession), and North London, East of England (Felixstowe), Suffolk and Essex Championships — a creditable "show" which testifies to his consistency and zeal. At Wimbledon he is always an attraction to the crowd, especially in the Doubles (in the final of which he has twice appeared), by reason of his daring and effective volleying. Once with Nisbet he figured in the Challenge round against the Dohertys, only losing by three sets to two.

Photo. Stereoscopic Co.

MR. H. ROPER BARRETT.

Roper Barrett had the honour, with A. W. Gore and E. D. Black, of representing England in its first international match with America, and, with Black, played against the redoubtable Ward and Davis at Longwood, near Boston, for the first time encountering and scarcely relishing the screw service. It was probably this service, and

Photo, Heath.

MR. FRANK L. RISELEY,
Champion of Scotland, and Doubles Champion of England, 1902.

a terrific heat, which contributed in no small measure to the visitors' handsome defeat.

I have already referred briefly to Frank Riseley, in dealing with last year's record of S. H. Smith, with whom he won so many triumphs in various parts of the country. Riseley had already achieved fame (more especially in partnership with his brother, A. H.) before running in

double harness with the great "driver," but until last season it is doubtful whether he possessed any claims to be considered as a candidate for the Championship of England. Unfortunately he seems to lack the strength necessary to undergo a five set Single with equanimity; yet, notwithstanding, his advance towards pre-eminence has been very striking, and in a Mixed Double, when his eye is in, he is irresistible. Champion of Scotland and Doubles Champion of England, there can be no doubt that, given health and stamina, this engaging player, with youth and the pleasantest disposition possible on his side, will be able to hold his own against practically all adversaries. His performance with Smith at Wimbledon last year against the Dohertys will always stand out in the memory of those who witnessed his remarkable agility and his masterly, invaluable volleying. His service, too, on that occasion was such that it revealed depths of power in this direction perhaps not altogether realised, and from that day onward Riseley's name was mentioned almost with bated breath.

Two still foremost players whose names in lawn tennis annals have been famous for many years are not unmentioned in a previous chapter, while contributions appearing elsewhere demonstrate that their power with the pen is almost equal to their power with the racket. I do not propose to attempt any record of the wonderful succession of achievements executed by H. S. Mahony and G. W. Hillyard—in elaborate detail they would well-nigh fill this volume.

The former, of course, has been Champion of England, as well as of Ireland; ten years ago he was Covered Court Champion of England, has held the same position in Wales, and holds the distinction of having won the Mixed Doubles Championship of England with Mrs.

Photo, Lavis.

S. H. SMITH AND H. S. MAHONY IN A DOUBLE.

Sterry five years in succession. In byegone days when Mahony was paired with E. G. Meers on the covered courts, he veiled, though only partially concealed, his identity under the *nom de guerre* of J. May, and these two players were then regarded as the leading exponents of the double game on the wood. Meers has now retired from the conflict, and his name remains but a memory the "E. G. M." will doubtless perpetuate; but Mahony, the popular and volatile Irishman, is still as much to the fore as ever; deservedly winning applause for his brilliant volleying, often amusing spectators by his witty "asides," and still keeping abreast with the younger generation. Two or three years ago Mahony's form suffered a relapse that caused some apprehensions amongst his warmest admirers, but in 1901 and 1902—notably at Wimbledon—the old "fire" burst out anew, and a return of form was witnessed which

Photo, Lavis.

MR. H. S. MAHONY,
Champion of England, 1896.

Photo, Churchill.
MR. G. W. HILLYARD.

delighted everybody, most of all, perhaps, the ex-champion himself. Having done battle with cracks of the old school as well as of the new, Mahony's experiences of the game are profound and always valuable. His knowledge of the technique, of knotty points, and of variations in style, is almost unfathomable, and the beginner who is lucky enough to secure the ear of this well-known player for a few minutes will discover a coach at once affable, practical, and sound. He thoroughly believes in keeping in trim, and probably plays more lawn tennis in the winter than any of his friends. I know few men more keen on the game, or more versed in its history and development.

Both cricket and tennis have claimed George Hillyard as their votary, and in both has he excelled. Tall and distinguished, finely built, and strong as a lion, it would indeed be a surprise if outdoor sports did not claim Hillyard as an expert. He was showing me his photographic album one day, and I received reliable evidence that his versatility extended to golf, at which game he has won several prizes, among other places at Cannes. He began to play lawn tennis after he left the Navy, and during the last fifteen years has rarely failed to put in an appearance at all the principal meetings in England, while

his pilgrimages abroad have been both many and fruitful, and on two occasions he has been returned Champion of Germany. It should not be forgotten that Hillyard was within an ace of beating Gore at Wimbledon in 1901, the ball hitting the top of the net and rolling over on the wrong side. Had it fallen on the right Hillyard might have been Champion of England! As far back as 1889 he won the Doubles Championship of Ireland with E. W. Lewis, which is pretty conclusive evidence that he must have been almost as good in those days as he is at the present time. In the following year, partnered by H. S. Scrivener, he won the Doubles Covered Court Championship of England and defended the position with success the following year. Only two years ago we find him "coming through" at Queen's and winning the Mixed Doubles Championship of England with his wife; while this year he played in both the challenge rounds. Recently, in company with Cazalet, Hillyard has come very near—within an ace in fact—to vanquishing the Dohertys, who, I believe, regard the pair as the most difficult of any to beat in England. With a trifle more luck the old Leicestershire cricketer should have held the Doubles Championship of England before now; for his play is oftimes the most brilliant of the four in any match. His low cross fore-hand drive, which so often scores outright, his enormous reach, and high muscular service—above all, his stamina, are professional equipments that any man might envy. In private life G. W. Hillyard is a modest and amiable gentleman with a host of friends. On his private tennis courts at Thorpe Satchville, the delightful home of Mr. and Mrs. Hillyard near Melton Mowbray, most of the leading players of to-day have appeared and contested matches, the records of which would if kept, I doubt not, make very interesting reading.

D. G. CHAYTOR.

[illegible] A. W. HEDLEY [illegible] G. G. ALLEN. R. F. DOHERTY. H. L. DOHERTY. E. R. ALLEN.
MRS. GREATHEED. MRS. STERRY.

A GROUP AT THORPE SATCHVILLE.

Although A. W. Gore has had his day and reached the height of his ambition, he is still a player of sterling quality coupled with a ripe experience. As a base-liner—one who has not discarded many of the methods which produced the champions of twenty years ago—Gore is second only to Smith, and his tenacity and dogged perseverance on the court have more than once been recently demonstrated. It is now a quarter of a century since the ex-champion first played lawn tennis on the sands at Dinard, and on the hard gravel courts of that fascinating French watering place he continued to wield the racket with increasing success up to the year 1885. Five years earlier Gore had won his first prize at Dinard. His first triumph in England was at the London Athletic

Photo, Elliot & Fry.

MR. A. W. GORE,
Champion of England, 1901.

By permission of the Proprietors of the "Sporting & Dramatic News."

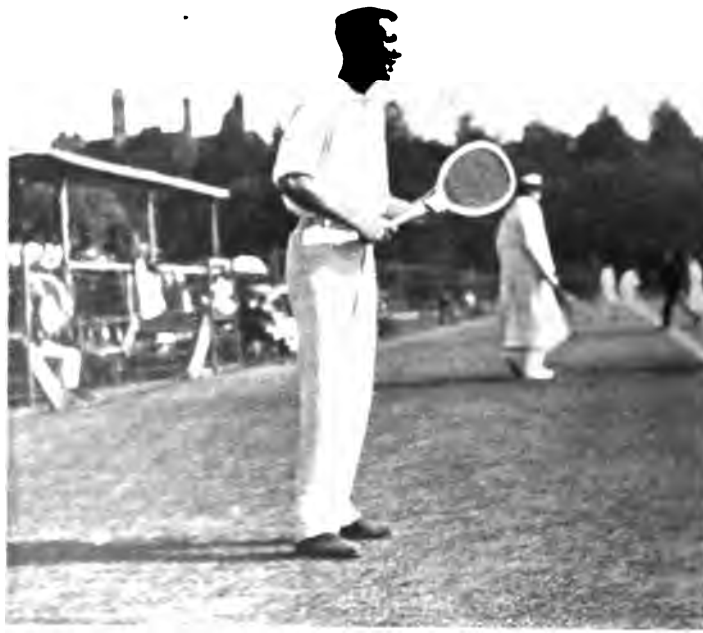
MR. M. J. G. RITCHIE.

Club Meeting in 1887, and in the following year he was acclaimed champion of the L. A. C. Since then, up to the present time, he has "netted" important events too numerous to mention, though it may be noted as indicating his consistency that at various periods he has won the Championships of Scotland, Essex, North London and London, while his victory at Wimbledon in 1901, after

so many strenuous bids for the championship, was the greatest feat of all and dearest to his heart. Did he not on that occasion break the long chain of wins accomplished by R. F. Doherty? His captaincy of the first English international team to visit America is still fresh in memory. Fearless, resourceful, and pre-eminently a "stayer," Gore has for many years been a worthy upholder of the best traditions of lawn tennis.

In recent years the name of M. J. G. Ritchie has become almost a household word in every lawn tennis centre on the Continent, so extensive have been his peregrinations, so numerous his foreign triumphs. In England, though always regarded as a player of great promise, it was not until about three years ago that Ritchie attained the conspicuous position which he now holds. Last year he did wonders; not only abroad was he credited with the Championship of France, the Swedish Championship, the Danish Championship, the Championship of Berlin, and the Championship of Austria, but in this country he won the Championship of London at Queen's Club, and among other noteworthy performances reached the final both at Wimbledon and Eastbourne. It is as a Singles player at which Ritchie, up to the present, has shone the more, despite a style which appears to the spectators as perhaps a trifle forced and unnatural. His remarkable driving powers, both fore and back, are undeniable. Yet Ritchie has his vicissitudes—witness his mysterious collapse in the final at Eastbourne last September. Like many another celebrated prayer he owes most of his success to having begun the game when quite a child; indeed, he has told me that from ten to fourteen years of age he played with great zest.

Until last year one was accustomed to look among the winners of Doubles for the name of C. H. L. Cazalet,



Photo, Lewis.

C. H. L. CAZALET WAITING THE SERVICE.

but it is possible that in future years this redoubtable volleyer may reach to greater heights in the Singles. After negotiating his blue at Cambridge with scarcely any effort, Cazalet quickly asserted himself at all the principal meetings in this country, though his passion for yachting and other manly sports has occasionally led him astray. One of the most popular figures in any arena, Cazalet's fame as a partner with G. W. Hillyard in the men's Doubles, and with Miss Robb in the Mixed, are too well known to need emphasis here. Suffice it to recall that on more than one occasion the old Light Blue and Hillyard have run the Dohertys very close, and in

1899 Cazalet and Miss Robb were proclaimed Champions of England.

I may well say a word here about the old Cantab and international, Charles H. Martin. An Irishman by birth and an Englishman by residence, he has been playing first-class lawn tennis now for many years and is still considered, as indeed he is, one of the finest Double players in the country. Martin's best years were from '93

Photo, Lavis.

MR. C. H. L. CAZALET,
Mixed Doubles Champion of England, 1899.

MR. C. H. MARTIN.

to '96. In that period he annexed the Doubles Championship of Scotland, and a host of other prizes. For three years in succession he represented Ireland against England, and his success during a brief sojourn in India has not been the least conspicuous feature in the career of this popular and experienced player who still retains all the keenness, if not quite the activity, of yore. Martin's style is essentially polished, and his driving faultless. He is also an adept golfer, and, in fact, shines in all healthy sports.

Passing to other honoured names, we come to "four Georges," whose respective merits, perhaps, are about on an equal level. George Greville, like his wife, the erstwhile Miss Austin, did not do so well last year as hitherto; but none the less can he be regarded as anything but a formidable opponent. His powers at the net

are unquestionable, even if his eye is not quite so keen as it used to be; he knows the game thoroughly, and is a most provoking winner when put on the back mark in the handicaps. Up to the present Greville, owing to the pressure of business, has confined his attentions to limited fields.

George Miéville Simond first achieved distinction when he won the open Singles twenty years ago at the London International Club, Isleworth. After leaving school in 1884 he did not play again for some years, but in 1889 he settled down as a serious student of the game in the Hyde Park covered court, now, alas! no more. Since then Simond has carried his racket with great success into many parts of the country, but more especially, perhaps, on the Continent. When at his best it is difficult to find a more consistent and level-headed Doubles player, and the fact that he has won the French Championship twice, the Swiss Championship once, the Swiss Doubles Championship three years running, and the French Doubles Championship two

MR. G. M. SIMOND.

years running, goes a long way to establish his eminence. His favourite partner is, of course, G. A. Caridia, and together these players have swept the board at many a meeting; while on the covered court, to which they are greatly addicted, the pair have repeatedly triumphed, though Simond has had the luck to be three times in the final of the Covered Court Championship Doubles without getting home.

Caridia does not disguise his preference for playing on wood, and has won the Covered Court Championship of Wales four years in succession, and still retains the title. He was also champion of France in 1900. When in good fettle and under a roof, Caridia is a delightful player to watch, his cultivation of the half-volley having become a fine art, and his preference for this stroke over most others causes his opponent, however good, many a surprise.

MR G. A. CARIDIA.

An honoured name in the world of lawn tennis is that of George Courtenay Ball-Greene. He commenced the game with T. Chaytor, one of the famous family, in 1888, on his private court at Killiney, Co. Dublin, and a year later these two competed at Buxton and Scarborough. Ball-Greene won the first-class handicap at the former and divided it with Chaytor at the latter, where he also won the North of England

Photo, Graham.
MR. G. C. BALL-GREENE.

Doubles with W. Dod. Thus fortified as a prize-winner, Ball-Greene quickly forged ahead, and became a familiar figure at the Irish Championships at Fitzwilliam Club and Dublin University, winning the Doubles for several years with Chaytor, and representing Ireland against England in the international matches commencing in 1893. That year also marked his defeat of Barlow for the Welsh Championship, which title he retained in 1894. With Dr. Pim, Ball-Greene triumphed at Buxton, Newcastle, and Brighton, and in 1897 had, in company with G. W. Hillyard, the distinction of defeating the Dohertys at Homburg. The popular Irishman has a partiality for mixed doubles, and in this event his tactical ability at the net, his short cross-court shots, and his slow and elusive service stand him in excellent stead; there are few men who combine head and hand better.

Ernest Douglas Black is undoubtedly Yorkshire's best player, and in lawn tennis circles his name is quite familiar. He possesses a severe service and a backhand stroke of great accuracy and speed. His strokes were learnt playing against

MR. E. D. BLACK.

Photo, Lewis.
MR. J. M. BOUCHER.

a wall, covered with boards, and having a line the height of the net. In 1899 he won the Yorkshire Championship outright, and was again champion of the county in 1901 and 1902. By defeating W. V. Eaves in '99 he secured the Scottish Championship, and at Scarborough, Sheffield and Leeds his successes have been numerous. At Wimbledon, with Mrs. Sterry, in 1900, he had the satisfaction of beating the Hillyards, and a few months later was representing his country on American soil against the States. When Black is at his best the North can produce no finer player.

Although J. M. Boucher does not appear in Metropolitan tournaments he is yet a tower of strength in the West of England, and when business claims will allow, his excursions to the North have generally rewarded him with success. His initial effort was to win the second-class handicap at Teignmouth, and this he followed up by winning the first-class handicap at the Gloucester tournament, and subsequently the open Singles at Exmouth. Last year he secured the open Singles championships at Gloucester, Leamington, Ilkley, Trefriew, Torquay and Stoke, in addition to the open mixed at Newcastle. Boucher is one of the steadiest players in the country. His favourite stroke is a forearm drive made from the shoulder with the wrist and arm stiff, and to this one stroke, I believe, he ascribes much of his success in handicaps when conceding long odds.

The author of the chapter on Northern Europe, to

be found in this volume, is an example disproving the assertion that to be a first-class lawn tennis player it is essential to start in boyhood. When J. M. Flavelle was at Rugby the game was not encouraged, and until eight or nine years ago he had never held a racket in his hand. A firm believer in professional teaching for checking before too late a wrong style or stroke, he availed himself of expert instruction, more especially on a wood floor, on which, by the way, he asserts that he is at least "half-fifteen" better than elsewhere. Flavelle has played and seen tennis played in most countries of the world. He himself has wielded a racket in every state in Europe, in Egypt, in Australia and South Africa, while when visiting the States he witnessed matches in such widely separated places as San Francisco, Montering, Newport and San Diega in California. During the late war, while on medical duty in South Africa, he did not fail to engage in his favourite pastime both at Pretoria and Standerton. Flavelle has won trophies abroad, including the championship of Holland. He is essentially a base-line player, and, volleying only on the rarest occasions and with a somewhat indifferent service, relies almost entirely on a low forehand drive on which he gets a lot of top. He is a splendid

Photo, Melford.

MESSRS. E. R. AND C. G. ALLEN.

stayer, and thoroughly commands methods which he has made distinctly his own.

More prolific prize-winners—though not quite so zealous of late—than the twin brothers Allen are not to be found in or out of England. They make a strong if not always consistent couple, and their affinity to one another both in personal appearance and style is so marked that many an umpire has been puzzled to identify the individual twin. Someone has called them the Tweedledum and Tweedledee of the game, and there can be no doubt as to their adding to the gaiety of every tournament in which they appear. E. R. and C. G. are both good fellows, the first to accept the thankless task of the umpire and the last to snub the striving player against whom they might be drawn. Their own masters since their Cambridge days, the Allens have been strenuous votaries of the tournament, and have worked through a whole season's list with wonderful verve, not scratching a match or dividing a final. I will not venture upon any details; pages would not suffice for a full recital of their conquests. There is not a single town in England or Wales, I believe, in which the brothers have not won a prize or several prizes; and, *inter alia*, they have been champions of Scotland. E. R. is the better in the Singles, and now that he has recovered the full use of his leg will doubtless continue his victorious career; but C. G. is as good in a Double; and both are hard and subtle hitters who add experience to natural capacity.

I must not forget to include in this chapter a player who has done a great deal to push the game in Scotland, and who has been the ruling spirit of the Scottish Lawn Tennis Association for many years—A. Wallace McGregor. An old and crafty hand, McGregor has twice held the Doubles Championship of Scotland with

Photo, Alex Thomson.
MESSRS. C. R. D. PRITCHETT AND A. W. MCGREGOR,
Doubles Champions of Scotland, 1902.

Charles R. D. Pritchett, an old Carthusian who, in addition to the Singles Championship of Scotland, has won distinction elsewhere.

France and Switzerland, which he knows so thoroughly and deals with in this book, have been the primary hunting grounds of Robert B. Hough, and he has been Champion and Doubles Champion of the latter, besides winning a number of prizes in both countries. An enthusiast to the core as well as a player of sound tactics, Hough has a wide and valuable experience of all branches of the game, and has served its governing body with great zest. He is still the Honorary Secretary of the Essex County Association, to the organization of which he devotes much strenuous labour.

F. W. Payn is another player whose tours abroad have brought him credit and renown, and in France, Germany and Sweden his game in the Singles, which is his best, has achieved conspicuous success. Payne is a left-hander, with an aggressive style of his own, and there can be no questioning the efficacy of his methods. He relies almost exclusively on the volleying game, and is

at times capable of giving serious trouble to the greatest exponents.

As a partner to a man a trifle stronger than himself, A. B. J. Norris is a powerful factor in any four, and on occasions his volleying and lobbing reach heights of perfection. He has played lawn tennis these twenty years, but won his first prizes at Queen's on the covered courts, where he is seen at his best. With Mahony he has held the French Doubles Championship, and with R. F. Doherty the Doubles Championship of Paris; by himself he has figured twice in the semi-final of the Covered Courts Championship. He is a worthy member of the Lawn Tennis Association.

Two players of great promise—still young enough to reach the top of the tree, which in either case is not unlikely—are Brame Hillyard and Sydney H. Adams. The former has come on very rapidly, though always as a

Photo. Barnett.

MR. A. B. J. NORRIS.

Photo, Biograph Co.
MR. BRAME HILLYARD.

made many excursions; when he does so, his name may be looked for with confidence in the prize list.

The brothers Pearson are both well known and popular in the lawn tennis world. P. G. is now in India in Government employ, and has signalised his appearance in the East by carrying off the Championship of Bengal, which is virtually the Indian

careful student; and having cultivated an easy, free style, can punish with effect, especially overhead. He is better in a Single than anything else.

Adams, who begun the game on the firm sands at Cromer, has made his mark at the net, and at Eastbourne last year he surprised everybody by his agility, judgment and severity. He has won several Metropolitan Championships, but has not yet

Photo, Pearce.
MR. S. H. ADAMS.

Championship. The last year he was at home, Pearson had shown steadily improving capacities, and would doubtless have come right to the front had he remained. His brother, A. C., has been President of Cambridge, and is stronger in a Double. He plays an attractive game.

There are still two or three names that I must certainly not omit to mention, even if their appearance at open meetings, through various reasons, are rare, albeit signal. E. Watson has been champion of Yorkshire, to which county he chiefly confines his attentions. He is a good volleyer, but his game lacks severity. Then there is C. H. Ridding, a powerful base-liner, whose style is modelled on that of S. H. Smith; the Rev. C. O. S. Hatton, a quiet, effective player, who has partnered Roper Barrett on the East Coast with conspicuous success; Hamblin-Smith, a famous Cantab and a master of technique; C. W. Wade, a great figure in Yorkshire lawn tennis; and E. Carey, a Northern player of considerable merit.

Photo, Jones.
MR. E. WATSON.

Surely with all this array of talent available, the reader may contend, there is no reason to fear a foreign in-

MR. C. H. RIDDING.

vasion. But let him remember that in a very few years time, when many young and zealous foreign players of to-day have developed into powerful competitors, half of the Englishmen mentioned in the foregoing pages will have dropped out of the list. The *best* play of modern times may be as fine as that of the past, but the men capable of providing it are so limited in number that were two or three to withdraw, their places could not to be filled and the standard of form would suffer. In short, as I have suggested, there does not appear to be any real reserve of first-class talent. I am told, however, by some of our leading authorities, that this is now "in the making," and will be ready when required. This is good, and probably true news; but where is the talent that should have been schooled during the last five years and should now be available to compete against men of the Doherty stamp?

Lady Players

If the standard of men's play is not collectively quite as high to-day as it was ten years ago, the opposite is the case in the ladies' section. While most of the feminine players famous a decade back still retain the full vigour of the power they wielded then, a large number of ladies now appear regularly in tournaments whose merits are yearly improving and who must be included in a first class, certainly greater in quality and quantity than in days gone by. Nor can there be any question as to the added attraction attached to their play from the spectator's point of view. A good ladies' Single, where both parties periodically approach the net, is in my opinion a match as exciting to watch as a men's contest; and I am sure that the applause at any important meeting is just as hearty on behalf of the one sex as it is on the other. The man who would attempt to divide the two forces and banish the fair sex from the chief arena into fields of their own, can know little of the joy which their presence at tournaments gives to looker-on and player alike; he must know that most meetings only flourish by virtue of their social charms, and that ladies are as essential to the well-being of a large open tournament as the committee or the much-abused umpires. But Mrs. Sterry has treated the present position of ladies' play so effectively that I need not touch upon the subject further.

The reader will find references to Mrs. Hillyard elsewhere; let me just recall here a few facts about this celebrated lady's lawn tennis career, which must astonish all who remember her in the front rank twenty years ago. Nothing more wonderful has ever been done by any lady at the premier meeting. Except on five occasions when she did not compete, from 1885, when she

Photo, Elliot & Fry.

MRS. HILLYARD,
Lady Champion of England, 1900.

first won the "All-Comers" at Wimbledon, down to 1901, Mrs. Hillyard has either been the "runner-up" or the holder of the championship. Another record, perhaps even more striking, is her number of victories in first-class open singles, which amount to fifty-eight. On six occasions she has won the Championship of England, on ten occasions the South of England Championship, three times the Northern Championship, and three times the Irish Championship. Mrs. Hillyard has not been attracted much to the covered courts, but on the only occasion she competed for the Ladies' Championship it fell to her racket.

In Doubles her successes have been quite as numerous. I need, perhaps, only instance here her two successes in this department with Ernest Renshaw and Wilfred Baddeley respectively; her two victories at Dublin with G. W. Hillyard and G. Greville respectively; and the Covered Court Mixed Championship with her husband on the only occasion she entered the lists. Mrs. Hillyard has also done another thing that no other lady has ever done, nor, it is pretty safe to say, will ever do—she has won the Ladies' Doubles Championship (four times with Miss Steedman), five years in succession. Her travels over the border and abroad have been productive of many successes. She has been Champion of Wales, Champion of Germany twice, of the South of France and of Monte Carlo. Never has such a zealous, conscientious and self-possessed lady appeared on any court; and it is only stating a bare fact to say that her experience of the game and its leading exponents, stretching as it does over at least two generations, is unique. The Hillyards have, as I have previously said, a fine court of their own in Leicestershire, and here the ex-champion for the most part keeps "her

"THE SPOILS OF WAR": SOME OF MR. AND MRS. HILLYARD'S PRIZES.

hand in." On horseback Mrs. Hillyard is as capable as with the racket; during the winter months she is a keen and expert rider with the hounds; and in other sports, like her husband, she excels.

Turning next to the lady who, among those now appearing in first-class lawn tennis, has been Mrs. Hillyard's foremost opponent, I would fain dwell on the many excellent qualities of Mrs. Sterry, did I not know how familiar these are to all whose eyes may peruse these pages. As Miss Cooper, her career on the courts was nothing less than marvellous in its consistency and brilliant in its achievement; and as Mrs. Sterry, there is every reason to believe it will continue for many years to attract and retain attention.

This popular lady—I recall the remark of one spectator that it "did her good" to see Mrs. Sterry play—made her entry into tournament play when she had only just reached her teens, and ever since she attained the age of fifteen has been a conspicuous figure in every court in the United Kingdom. Constant practice with members of her own family, especially with her elder sister, brought her to perfection at a very early date, but it was as a volleyer—then quiet a rarity among ladies—that Miss Cooper sprang into fame and made such an impression on the public. Especially was this the case in a Mixed Double; at the net Mrs. Sterry quickly began to prove herself as formidable as most men and certainly the superior of many. Her triumphs have been stupendous. Champion of England on four occasions, Irish Champion twice and Scotch Champion once, she has carried all before her at endless English meetings; indeed, it was soon regarded as a certainty that where Mrs. Hillyard and Mrs. Sterry entered the lists one or the other—and not one more than the other—was destined to emerge victorious. In a word, the

Photo, Lavis.

MRS. STERRY

Lady Champion of England, 1901.

Surbiton lady has been the hero of a hundred fights. Like her great opponent, she has been Champion of Germany—but I will not attempt a recital of the multitude of county and district championships, the silver emblems of which now adorn her house. Suffice it is to say here that whether she be playing alone or in partnership with one of her own sex or the other, Mrs. Sterry has brought into every combat not only a level head and intense keenness, but a perfect disposition for fairness and courtesy towards her opponents.

To Miss Muriel E. Robb has fallen the distinction of wresting for the first time since 1894 the Ladies' Championship out of the possession of either Mrs. Hillyard or Mrs. Sterry, and that her triumph at Wimbledon last year was the outcome of well-nigh perfect lawn tennis, and a fitting crown to a highly successful career there can be no question. Indeed, I doubt whether any championship round in the classic arena has ever provided such a magnificent demonstration of vigorous play as Miss Robb gave on that occasion. Her command of the ball was so striking, her forehand drives so deadly, and her overhead service so effective, while her self-possession was so apparent, that even Mrs. Sterry, trained hand as she is, was very often at a disadvantage and forced almost throughout the contest to act on the defensive. Yet it was a great struggle, and later in the season the ex-champion took her revenge.

The lady champion's style is a combination of grace, vigour and consistency, and she possesses that invaluable asset to all open competitors—a cool head. She may not be equipped with the versatility and all-round brilliancy of Miss Dod, or the experience and persistency of Mrs. Hillyard; but she has much of the former's assurance, and certainly more freedom of method than

Photo, J. Russell & Son.

MISS MURIEL E. ROBB,
Lady Champion of England, 1902.

the latter. Seeing that she has only been playing in tournaments for six years, Miss Robb's rise to pre-eminence is the more notable. She learnt the rudiments of the game playing at home with her father, mother and governess, and did much to strengthen her hold at Cheltenham College, where she carried all before her. In the first year (1896) she began tournament play, success came to her at Newcastle, her native place; she won the District Doubles Championship of Northumberland and Durham with Miss Hunter, annexing the Singles Championship next year. Her first open Singles quickly followed at Sunderland, and by 1899 she was well in the swim and carrying off most of the principal prizes for which she competed. Thus in that year she inaugurated with victory a "mixed" partnership with C. H. L. Cazalet that has since been regarded as almost invincible, and became Mixed Doubles Champion of England. With Smith she repeated her success at Newcastle, and also carried off the Ladies' Championship of Derbyshire and Wales.

In 1900 Miss Robb, greatly improved by constant first-class practice, became more enterprising, won the Midland Counties Singles, as well as retained the Derbyshire Cup, secured the Doubles Championship of England with Mrs. Pickering (which she subsequently won outright) and with Cazalet took the first prizes at Eastbourne and Homburg. In 1901 she triumphed at Dublin, and a couple of months later became Scottish champion at Moffat, her very next national venture ending, as it fittingly should, in giving her the Championship of England. This popular lady has therefore done what none of her sex has ever accomplished before—she has been champion of each of the four divisions of the United Kingdom, doubly honouring Wales by winning

Photo, Lavis.

MISS D. K. DOUGLASS,
South of England Lady Champion, 1902.

outright its Covered Court Championship in 1901. I hazard no prophecy, but I shall be surprised if Miss Robb is not champion of England again.

Of Miss D. K. Douglass it may be said without fear of contradiction that her greatest triumph is to come. She possesses all the qualities that go to make a first-rate player—strength, hardihood, a beautiful temper, and above all, the capacity of changing her stroke at will to meet new tactics or a different style. Her first open championship was only won two seasons ago—at Beckenham. She began the game, as so many do, with a brick wall for an opponent, and thereby gathered quickness and severity. Then came the racquet at college, and the challenge cup at the Ealing Common Club. Her success last year was almost phenomenal, and after bearing off the North London and East of England Championship, Miss Douglass ended the season by defeating Mrs. Sterry at Eastbourne. At present she is seen to best advantage in a Single, but in all departments of the game her capacity is undeniably good.

The name of Miss Martin will be found elsewhere in this volume, and I do not propose to dilate upon the facts in her long and brilliant career which must be familiar to all tennis players. But I may remind the reader that she won the Irish Championship in 1889, and that she holds the title to-day—a wonderful feat in all conscience. Eight times has she triumphed at Dublin, four of which have been in succession. Six years has the Northern Championship of England fallen to her racket, and twice (including last year) has she been returned All-England Mixed Doubles Champion with S. H. Smith. In fact, since she began lawn tennis in 1885, and triumphed for several seasons at Bath and Buxton, Miss Martin has been unfailingly to the fore at the premier

Photo, Werner.

MISS MARTIN,
Lady Champion of Ireland, 1902.

meetings, always a doughty warrior, armed at all points to meet any kind of attack. There is no better-known member of the Fitzwilliam Club, and among the roll of ladies who have given their best to promote the true interests of the game in Ireland, hers must inevitably go down to posterity.

Mrs. Greville, better known perhaps by her maiden name of Miss Austin, has had a distinguished career, though lately her appearances in first-class events have not been so numerous or so successful as formerly. But she must be credited with a very fine record, more especially on the covered court; on wood she has been lady champion of England five times—from '96 to '99 no one could be found to beat her. Mrs. Greville has had many a tough fight in the Home Counties with Mrs. Sterry, and

Photo, Lavis.

MRS. STERRY AND S. H. SMITH *v.* MR. AND MRS. GREVILLE.

MRS. DURLACHER.

although the latter holds the balance of victories, there has been little to choose on many occasions between the two ladies. Low, speedy driving, with admirable placing and a good length, has been the feature of Mrs. Greville's success; and her capacity for "lasting" was seldom found to fail her.

Possibly, after these ladies, there is a gulf of steadily narrowing dimensions; but there are still many players whose claim to be regarded in the front rank is undeniable. There are few better exponents of ladies' Doubles in this country than Mrs. Durlacher, who has held the Championship of England as well as that of Ireland in this department. She is an admirable Mixed player, too, with undaunted pluck and considerable severity; and in Singles her successes in district meetings have been countless.

Mrs. Pickering is a name to conjure with in Yorkshire, of which county she is the present champion. This experienced player learnt her tennis at a country vicarage with her brothers and sisters, and her earlier successes were gained at Wolverhampton and Leamington. Since 1888, her record would stand some beating. She won the "All Comers" at Wimbledon in 1896, and secured the challenge cup outright with Miss Robb in the Doubles last year. Mrs. Pickering believes in winning championships outright; the Leamington ladies' shield, and the Welsh Covered Court Challenge Cup are other instances. Her special stroke is a low side-line drive into the corner of the court; but her cross volleys, back, fore and overhead, are extremely effective. She smashes, too, at every opportunity.

Photo, Rudock.

MRS. PICKERING.

Dashing is, perhaps, the best expression one can apply to Miss Toupée Lowther's play. As all the world knows, Miss Lowther is adept with more things than the racket, and her prowess at fencing has made her renowned in England and France. She plays a strong and ofttimes brilliant game, with science and "grit" at its back, and is seen to best advantage on wood or sand, where the harder surface suits her calculating methods. Her successes abroad

Photo, Newnes.

MISS B. STEEDMAN.

have been numerous, including the Championship of Germany in 1901. At home she is the present holder of the Covered Court Championship, as well as the Mixed Doubles with H. L. Doherty.

Miss Bertha Steedman is another famous player shining better in a Double. She comes of a family reared in the playing field, and familiar with all branches of athletics. As far back as 1889 she won the Ladies' Doubles Championship of England with her sister, the pair retaining the cup the following year. With Mrs. Hillyard she subsequently won the same event outright—in all, the Championship eight times. Among her successes in the Singles has been the defeat of Miss Martin in the final of the Derbyshire Championship. Miss Steedman and her sister were the first ladies to play at the net in the Doubles, and they wrought havoc on the base-liners. How they

Photo, Downey

MISS T. LOWTHER

Covered Court Lady Champion of England, 1903.

Photo, Beaucli.

MISS W. A. LONGHURST.

leying game, and they did so with such good purpose as to carry all before them at Edgbaston the following year. Miss Steedman is a thorough disciple of training, and a practical believer in gymnastics to keep the body fit. Although she only appeared in three tournaments last year, she was playing, perhaps, as well as ever.

Miss Winifred Longhurst is a steadily improving player, with an equipment came to take up this position is interesting. The sisters were playing in a local tournament, expecting to "sweep the board"; but their career in the Doubles was cut peremptorily short by Mrs. Hornby and her daughter, who, with the latter at the net, combined with wonderful effect. Their victims, after this, decided to develop the vol-

MISS H. LANE.

of powerful strokes and possessed of sound judgment. She is best in Singles, and is now the Champion of Wales, Essex and the Midlands. Before that, Miss Longhurst held the Suffolk Championship for two years.

The short time she has been figuring regularly in tournaments, Miss Hilda Lane has done remarkably well, and will certainly have to be seriously reckoned with in the future. She has already won the cup outright at Maidstone, and last year accomplished many praiseworthy things in Singles, and was successful, among other places, at Beckenham and Worthing.

Miss Ethel Thomson, who held a racket almost as soon as she could walk, took prizes last season at Queen's, Edgbaston and Newcastle, and has been most successful in Devonshire. Her favourite stroke is a backhand straight down the side line, and she is also effective with a peculiar round arm smash, which has been aptly, though rather irreverently, termed the "sledge hammer." She is a better Doubles player.

Photo, Russell.

MISS ETHEL THOMSON.

Miss Violet Pinckney,

MISS V. PINCKNEY.

see her at Eastbourne again last year playing with all her old vigour, after an absence of several years from tournaments. She has three beautiful courts at her home in Salisbury, and assuredly plays the game for the game's sake. Miss Pinckney considers her defeat of Mrs. Pine Coffin, at Teignmouth, the best thing she has done; but equally creditable achievements are, let us hope, to come.

Several ladies remain although for some reason or other she has never competed for any championship, plays with such excellent style, and has devoted so much time to studying the game, that mention of her name is almost essential in any remarks dealing with ladies. Everybody who remembered the graceful performances of her sister and herself in earlier years at Exmouth, Teignmouth and elsewhere, was delighted to

Photo, Brandelbourg.

MISS M GARFIT.

Photo, Rees.
MISS BROMFIELD.

who will doubtless advance in favour this season and others to come. Miss Beryl Tullock, although she played comparatively little last year owing to indifferent health, has represented Middlesex in inter-county matches, and has twice held the Championship of Essex. Her left-handed drive is certainly one of the severest strokes a lady has ever acquired; it is apparently made by transferring the whole weight of the body from the left to the right foot in the act of striking, the ball being taken on the top of the bound.

A careful, steady and improving player is Miss A. M. Morton, who last year won the Doubles at Wimbledon with Mrs. Sterry. As a volleyer, and possessing a strong overhead service with an aptitude for returning her opponent's ser-

Photo, "Sporting & Dramatic."
MISS A. M. MORTON.

vice down the left-hand line, Miss Edith Bromfield has already achieved sufficient distinction to invest her future performances with considerable interest. While almost unknown she defeated Miss Robb at Beckenham, and last year won the challenge cup at Maidstone. Miss C. M. Wilson is, perhaps, seen to best advantage in a Mixed Double, but in any event she possesses judgment and energy, and a very graceful style. Miss Maude Garfit, too, has had considerable success, and is a steady, all-round player with a strong backhand return down the line or short across the court. She is the present holder of the Leicestershire Championship. Miss A. N. G. Greene is another lady of about equal rank who promises to make rapid progress.

Photo, Busbridge.

MISS C. M. WILSON.

CHAPTER VI

AMERICAN METHODS

By HOLCOMBE WARD.

THE tennis career of the average American is short; he begins early, and does not continue active playing long. One reason is probably the great heat in summer time; another, his entry into business life, and the pursuit of the elusive dollar. At any rate, when a man reaches the age of thirty, his tournament days are numbered; some of our champions won their blue ribbon while yet in college.

We start in early to teach the young idea how to shoot (to drive and serve would perhaps be more exact), and it is in the Interscholastic tournaments that future champions appear. Started as it was, only in 1891, this Interscholastic Association has succeeded beyond expectation, and has done much to gain recruits for the game from the younger generations. There are four tournaments held annually, each under the auspices of a different college — Harvard, Yale, Princeton and Columbia. Each school joining the association is entitled to send one or more representatives to one of these tournaments, which are managed by the secretaries of the respective colleges. Besides individual prizes, a permanent trophy is given in each tournament to the school winning the most points—each match actually won

Photo, Hammond.

MR. R. D. SEARS,
Champion of America, 1881-7.

The winners of the four tournaments meet at Newport during the week of the National Championship, to play for the individual Interscholastic Championship. Besides the National Interscholastic Association, there are also several smaller schoolboy leagues, such as the New England, Western, New Jersey and others. None of these, however, counting as a point. This, of course, encourages the schools to send a large entry list and stimulates a friendly rivalry between the schools. Last year in all four of the tournaments there were eighty-five entries in Singles; in the Harvard tournament alone there are often as many as fifty entries, no doubles as yet being played.

Photo, Russell & Sons.

DR. JAMES DWIGHT.
Doubles Champion of America, 1882-4 and 1886-7.

rivals the larger body in point of importance. How important these Interscholastic events have become, will be seen when I say that the Interscholastic champion is more or less of a prominent personage in the tennis world, and is considered to have an excellent chance of winning the National event if he continues to improve for two or three years. It was in their school tournaments that Wrenn, Chace, Whitman, Wright, Ware, Sheldon and others first distinguished themselves.

Photo, Burton.

MR. G. P. SHELDON.
American Doubles Champion, 1897-8.

After a boy leaves school to enter college, he becomes eligible to be chosen to represent his *alma mater* in the Intercollegiate tournament, which is held immediately after the opening of college in the Fall. To this tournament, each of the ten colleges which belong to the Association is entitled to send four representatives in Singles, and two pairs in Doubles; and it is good sport and something of honour to be chosen a member of the team. Here, again, besides individual prizes, a perpetual trophy is given to the college which wins seven first prizes; and so, besides

Photo, Lavis.

MR. BEALS WRIGHT.

playing for himself, a player feels that he is defending the honour of his college as well. In one college, at least (Princeton, if I am not mistaken), to the winner of the Intercollegiate is given the much-prized privilege of wearing the 'Varsity letter "P" on cap or sweater.

The regular tennis season is short; for although some good tournaments are held as early as May and others as late as October, the season starts with the Middle States Championship, during the first week in July, and closes with the Championship at Newport during the latter part of August. But during these two months, a tennis-player's life is rather strenuous, if he follows the beaten track of the more popular tournaments. Open events at Orange, Niagara, Chicago, Longwood and Wentworth fill up the time, with invitation events between times at Bay Ridge, Westchester, Nahant and Southampton, besides any number of less important tournaments. As

Photo, Alman.

MR. L. E. WARE,
Doubles Champion of America, 1897-8.

nearly the same crowd of players follows the "circuit," the Summer is passed pleasantly and quickly.

It is becoming the custom to make more of the social side of the game, and in nearly all of the above named tournaments, players are entertained by the club whose guests they are. Golf in the morning, tennis in the afternoon, and perhaps a dance in the evening, make the week pass quickly, and the tournament is generally brought to a happy conclusion by a Tennis Dinner.

Players in America are very "keen" on the game, which has increased wonderfully in popularity during the past few years. The distances are long, but every year at least two players travel to Chicago—about one thousand miles from New York—to try for the Western Championship, and it is becoming the custom to expect players from all over the country to compete for the National Championship—some coming even from California—some three thousand miles off.

Photo, Alman.
MR. C. HOBART,
Doubles Champion of America, 1893-4.

We take our "rank list," as we call it, much more seriously, I think, than Englishmen do theirs, and to be ranked in the first ten is considered a great honour. Every year the President of the U.S.N.L.T.A. appoints a committee of three to draw up this list, which contains

DWIGHT DAVIS ON G. W. HILLYARD'S PRIVATE COURT.

the names of thirty or forty players. Its publication is awaited with keen interest by all the tennis fraternity; it is the subject of much speculation and no end of discussion. And incidentally, the committee who have had the honour to be chosen to draw up the ratings, invariably come in for their share of indignant criticism from those who declare that to rate Smith sixth and Jones seventh showed gross favouritism, and either an appalling ignorance or wilful neglect of their respective records.

Anxiety to be rated well once in a while, unfortunately, leads a player to take as few chances as possible of spoiling his record; an unsympathetic and cynical golf enthusiast once observed that, as the tennis season advanced, one by one players who had won from those rated above them would drop out from tournament play —so that towards the middle of the season the only men who entered an open tournament were those who had not won a match, and who hoped to better their ranking by winning once and then retiring. This, however, is not a sympathetic view of the case.

In looking over the rank list of the past few years, one is surprised to find a certain player's name invariably at the bottom of the list; whether there are twenty or fifty men rated, his name always appears last. On paper, at least, this would seem to prove the discouraging fact that his form never improves. I hope I am violating none of

Photo, Alman.
THE AMERICAN DOUBLES CHAMPIONSHIP AT NEWPORT.
THE DOHERTYS WINNING.

the secrets of past Ranking Committees, when I state that it is an established rule, handed down from committee to committee—to break which would be more or less of a sacrilege—to rate this player last. He himself has become so accustomed to the joke, that I think he regards last place as his inalienable right, and he would doubtless be rather indignant if some fine day his name should be advanced a few numbers.

Of the tournaments, first in importance comes the Championship at Newport in August, where the entry list contains usually between fifty and sixty names. The courts are of turf, and the Championship Court, on which the most important matches are played, is one of the best in America or England, although not so fast as the centre court at Wimbledon. This, indeed, is the great difference between English and American courts. In the former, the ground is very hard and the turf cut very close. The bound is more like what one gets on one of our slow clay courts. The American courts, on the other hand, are not so fast, the ground is somewhat softer, and, owing to the heat of the sun, the grass cannot be kept so closely cut without ruining the turf. The courts of the Crescent Athletic Club (where the last International matches were held) are probably nearer the English standard than any we have, with the possible exception of those at St. George's, Hoboken.

Next in importance to Newport comes the Longwood tournament, towards the end of July. As this event takes place only a few weeks before Newport, and as nearly every "First Ten" man enters, it forms a good basis for speculation as to the probable winner of the Championship. Forty or fifty, I should say, is the average entry in Singles here. (Probably the tournament which has the largest entry list in Chicago, where the Western Championships are held, there generally being sixty or more in Singles, and twenty or thirty pairs entered.)

The Doubles Championship is held in two sections, one at Chicago and the other at Longwood. The winners at Chicago meet the winners at Longwood in the West *v.* East match, as it is called; and the winners of this match challenge the Champions. These last two

matches are played at Newport during the opening days of the tournament.

At the conclusion of the match it is the custom of the defeated man to walk up to the net and shake his opponent by the hand, at the same time congratulating him upon his good play. Unfortunately sometimes such congratulations are hardly sincere; when, for instance, the loser, tired but smiling, warmly shakes his victor's hand, saying, "Well played, old man, you certainly deserve it," he may be at the same time saying to himself, "If that beastly umpire hadn't made that wretched decision, you never would have won, you conceited dog."

Photo, Hemment.

MISS CAHILL AND MRS. FELLOWES MORGAN.

Photo, Hemment.

THE COURTS AT LONGWOOD, NEAR BOSTON

MRS. HILLYARD (EX-CHAMPION OF ENGLAND) AND
MISS MARION JONES (EX-CHAMPION OF AMERICA).

Women's events have not, until lately, been given the importance that they deserve. There are, however, three or four tournaments which most of the best women players enter—the Championship held near Philadelphia in June, the Western Championship, held in Chicago, in September, the Cincinnati event, and Longwood in October. In these tournaments women's events are given all due attention; but in other tournaments they are, unfortunately, more or less of a side issue. It is unfortunate that so few of the best men players can, or will, give the time to play Mixed Doubles. In this department of the game, I think we are out-classed by the English pairs. But, notwithstanding this apparent indifference on the part of the men, the standard of Singles among American women is higher than is generally realised. Although it has usually been held that English women were far ahead of their American cousins at tennis, our

game has developed rapidly of late, and I, for one, would say that an International contest between the leading women players of each country would produce the closest kind of matches, with the result in doubt until the last stroke.

With regard to our leading men players, we have two distinct types—Larned, who is brilliant, and Whitman, who is steady. Larned, the present Champion, is probably the truest type of the American style. His game is graceful and finished, his strokes are fast and clean-cut, his brilliancy and dash unsurpassed. He is equally good at backhand and forehand; both are made with a free and easy swing, apparently with little effort, the ball being hit at the top of the bound, with the racket held at almost right-angles with the body. In making his stroke, his racket passes over the ball, thus giving it a downward spin. He serves a fairly swift well-placed ball with little or no cut, and usually follows his service to the net. In volleying he is among the fastest and the most brilliant, and, owing to his agility, is a difficult man to pass. His overhead work is very accurate. He is skilful at concealing the direction of his smash until the last second, when a slight turn of the wrist sends the ball to the desired spot. Probably his weakest stroke is his lobbing, which he has but recently acquired to any degree of skill; he has improved greatly at this stroke, however, and now uses a short, deceptive lob as well as a high, deep one when forced out of position. With all these good qualities, together with his good sportsmanship, he makes an excellent champion and a most difficult man to beat. But, like most brilliant players, American and English, he is erratic; and although he has overcome this fault somewhat, still one can never be absolutely certain, until the match is over, just how well he will play. Although one of the nerviest of players, he is

affected by conditions, and one day may be invincible, and the next may be beaten, possibly by a second-class player. He is something like the small individual of whom the poet says, "And when she was good she was very, very good, but when she was bad she was horrid." Fortunately, however, Larned's erratic days are becoming less frequent.

Photo. Hommet.

R. F. DOHERTY SERVING AGAINST LARNED AT BAY RIDGE.

Larned first came into prominence in the year 1892, and from that year until 1901, when he first won the Championship, was "the favourite" at Newport (excepting the Spanish War year, when he did not enter the Championship). Newport, however, always seemed to be his Waterloo, for, after playing through a season almost without a defeat, he would invariably lose in the Championship, and sometimes after he had secured an apparently winning lead over his opponent. In 1894, 1895, 1896 and 1897, he was rated second; in 1899 and 1900, third; and by a large following was regarded as the "uncrowned champion" during all these years. Finally, in 1901, after overcoming to a great extent his old fault, unsteadiness, he won the Championship—a good example of what perseverance will do.

Photo, Hemment.

MR. W. A. LARNED,
Champion of America, 1902.

Photo, Pictorial News Co.
WHITMAN IN THE INTERNATIONAL MATCH AT BAY RIDGE, 1902.

Whitman began his tennis career in the Interscholastic tournaments, and at first was almost invariably defeated by Ware, who, paradoxical as it may seem, although Whitman's inferior, could be relied upon to defeat him in tournament play. Whitman, however, kept at it conscientiously, studying every stroke, and always trying to perfect his game. In 1896 he was rated in the First Ten in sixth place, and the next year he sprung into prominence by defeating Mahony, one of the visiting Englishmen, at Newport, and by playing a close match against Nisbet. The next year, 1898, he won nearly every important American tournament, and brought his tennis season to a successful conclusion by winning the Newport Tournament, taking the Championship from Wrenn by default. (Wrenn, with Larned, had been in Cuba with the "Rough-Riders.") Whitman played through the seasons of 1899 and 1900, defending his Cups successfully, and then retired, an undefeated Cham-

Photo, Alman.

MR. R. D. WRENN,
Champion of America, 1893-4 and 1896-7.

Photo, Elliot & Fry.

MESSRS. HOLCOMBE WARD AND DWIGHT F. DAVIS,
American Doubles Champions, 1899-1901.

pion. He was persuaded, however, to take up the game again when it was known that the Doherty brothers were to represent England in the 1902 International matches. He defeated both Pim and R. F. Doherty at Bay Ridge, only to lose to the latter in the final round at Newport.

Though radically different from Larned in his style of play, Whitman in his way is probably the greatest genius at the game that America has produced. He is slow and careful and steady, and has almost perfect control over

MR. M. D. WHITMAN.
Champion of America, 1898-1900.

Photo, Pandy.

MR. W. H. COLLINS,

President of the Lawn Tennis Association, who captained the English International Team in America, 1902.

the ball. Every stroke is made with care and precision and forethought. His forehand stroke is taken when the ball is somewhat lower than Larned's, and instead of a side stroke, his is more of a "Lawford." He is clever at delaying this stroke, waiting until the ball has fallen quite low before making the return, and then concealing skilfully its direction. His backhand is more of a defensive stroke; he puts some upward cut on the ball, striking it at the top of the bound, and with more of a side stroke. At lobbing he is good, and uses this play at opportune times.

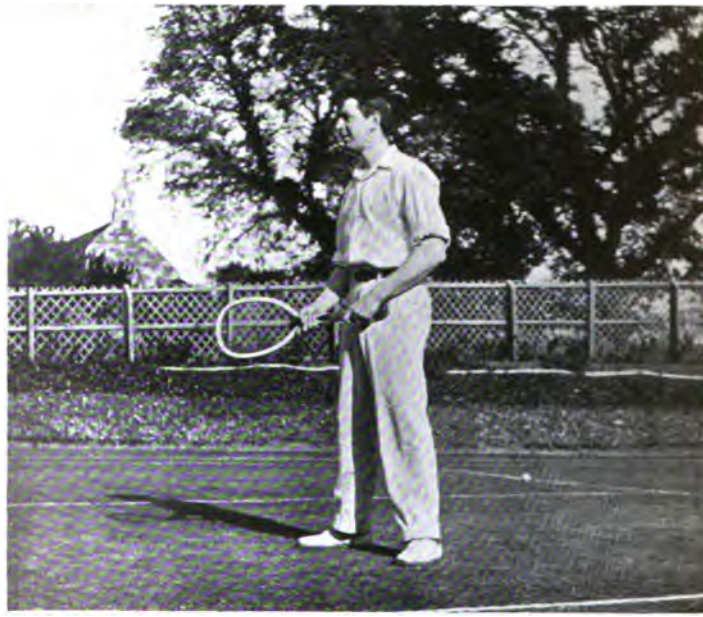
His service is rather slow, but well placed and varied in pace and direction; to help him win needed points, he uses a "reverse twist service," which causes the ball to bounce sharply to his opponent's right—somewhat disconcerting to one who has never played against it. Unless pressed close, he prefers not to follow his service to the net, and on the whole, is inclined to the back court game, I should say, rather than to the net play.

At the net, however, his great height and enormous reach give him a distinct advantage; and while not a brilliant volleyer, is a safe one, and a very hard man to

catch off his guard. His low volleys, I think, are comparatively weak; but his smashing, while not severe, is accurate, and a low lob means that the point is his.

It is rare, indeed, to find two such masters of the game as Larned and Whitman with two such totally different styles of play; and the saying, "Lawn tennis players are born, not made," is proved false in this case, for while Larned is a natural born player, Whitman's game was acquired only after long and careful study and conscientious practice. Which is the better man will always be a matter of discussion. Where Larned is dashing, reckless, brilliant, apparently indifferent, Whitman is deliberate, cautious, steady and wholly wrapped up in his play. Larned, at the most critical point, hits the ball swiftly, as if not caring what the outcome of the "rest" will be; Whitman at all times plays his strokes slowly, surely, striving for every point. While Larned will pass his man at the net half a dozen times in succession by a series of almost marvellous shots, cross-court or straight down the lines, backhand or forehand,

THE AMERICAN EX-CHAMPIONS PLAYING AT THORPE SATCHVILLE, MR. G. W. HILLYARD'S HOME.



MR. DWIGHT F. DAVIS.

Whitman prefers to take fewer chances, to wait for an opening, to play the ball from side to side, until he gets his opponent out of position, and finally wins the point by an easy pass, or more likely by his opponent's error. Thus Whitman's fine points are not on the surface by any means; while he seems to be merely batting the ball back and forth, he is, in reality, putting all of his skill into the effort to get his opponent into difficulties, so that the latter will lose the point on an apparently poor play. It is here that Whitman's skill lies; he is a disappointing player for one to watch who has been led to expect great things of him; for while he himself does not seem to be playing especially well, it is always his opponent who is playing poorly, and who is throwing the match away on

THE DOUBLES CHAMPIONSHIP AT WIMBLEDON, 1901: DAVIS AND WARD (AMERICA) *v.* HILLYARD AND EAVES (ENGLAND).

what seem to be inexcusable errors. It is only those who understand the fine points of the game, or who have played against him, who realise what a master he really is.

Larned's play, on the other hand, is "neck or nothing"; he wins or he loses on his own good or poor play; in his matches, the "rests" are short and are usually ended by a brilliant pass or by a short, sharp volley, that brings the crowd to its feet in a burst of applause. Willing to take the net at the first opportunity, he follows up a swift, deep stroke, and either wins the point or loses it in an extraordinarily short space of time. Larned either plays wonderfully well, or mighty poorly; his play is never mediocre. It is Larned, of course, who "carries the crowd" with him, and who keeps them in a state of excitement from the first point to the last; in fact, one cannot watch Larned at his best without being enthusiastic. On the other hand, by the very nature of his game, Whitman's matches do not provoke great enthusiasm; now and then a long "rest" cleverly played, or an unusual "save" after the ball is apparently well out of his reach, will cause applause; but on the whole, one can watch Whitman's matches with much greater comfort and peace of mind than those of the more brilliant player. Whitman,

Photo, Hemment.
HOLCOMBE WARD PLAYING.

in a word, strives *not to lose points;* Larned, *to win them;* the result, Whitman has been the most consistent player, and the most reliable we have yet produced; Larned, the most dashing and brilliant.

Photo, Hemment.

DWIGHT F. DAVIS PLAYING.

Speaking in general terms, our development of late years has been in a direction of better net play, of faster, sharper volleying, and more accurate overhead work. Rightly or wrongly, Americans, as a class, consider the net the objective point towards which they are struggling always. We have seen this emphasised in our game of Doubles, in which almost everything else was sacrificed by those who formerly held the Championship in order to get to the net; and these tactics proved quite successful, until overcome by the superior steadiness and better "all-round" play of the *Doherty Brothers—the present American Champions in Doubles.

* R. F. and H. L. Doherty beat Dwight F. Davis and Holcombe Ward, who had held the Doubles Championship of the United States for the past three years. The match was played at Newport, U.S.A., in August, 1902, the score in favour of the English ex-Champions being 11—9, 12—10, 6—4.—[EDITOR.]

CHAPTER VII

THE GAME IN NORTHERN EUROPE

By J. M. FLAVELLE

To those pessimists who are always talking of the decadence, and prophesying the early dissolution of the sport, the keenness with which lawn tennis is followed on the Continent would come as a surprise.

In no country is this more marked than in Sweden. There, suffering under great disabilities of climate, they have vigorously faced and overcome them by building numerous covered courts. In Stockholm alone, they have, I think, five of these structures, four being in the famous Idrottsparken, or sports park, a place specially devoted to the development and display of all sports. The original building in the park contained two courts side by side, but although the floor was perfect, the courts left something to be desired as regards light and length. Recently two magnificent new courts have been built. They are placed end to end and have an elevated dividing gallery and sitting accommodation at the sides. The courts are the loftiest in existence and are perfect as regards run-back and side-space, but it is a pity that the old floor was not exactly copied, as the bound of the ball is rather dead. Apparently the flooring is made of too hard a wood, and this is the same fault, though in a less pronounced

degree, as is present in the French courts at Auteuil. The shape of the roof, as will be seen from the illustration, is peculiar. It was built thus to prevent the deposit of snow.

It is impossible to over-estimate the benefit to the game caused by the keenness of the Crown Prince for it. His Royal Highness and Colonel Balck were the first players in Sweden and took to it twenty years ago. From that time the game has steadily forged ahead, an increasing number of players coming forward every year. The Crown Prince is a man of untiring energy and plays nearly every day. In Stockholm, when his work connected with affairs of State is over, he is often seen playing mixed doubles in the courts. His regular partner is Mrs. Adlersträhle, who is lady champion of Sweden and a very sound player, and their opponents are Mrs. Svedberg and Quarnstrom. The latter was for several years champion of Sweden but has had to yield the honour to Setterwall. Quarnstrom has, however, a very thorough knowledge of the game and is a heady player, and was only beaten by Bostrom in Saro last year after a very well-

THE NEW COVERED COURTS, IDROTTSPARKEN, STOCKHOLM.

contested five-set match. The Crown Prince plays a very good game; he has a difficult twist service which he takes in a peculiar way, the back of his hand being towards the net instead of the fingers and palm. His forehand strokes are much better than his backhand and he volleys quite well. Being very tall, I believe six feet three inches, he has a great reach. One of his best points is his coolness and judgment; often by these qualities he pulls, in a double, a difficult position out of the fire. For instance, in Saro, last year, he won the open doubles with Setterwall, making winning strokes exactly at the moment when things were in a very bad way for himself and his partner. It is very pleasant to play against him as he is a thoroughly sportsmanlike opponent; he realises that sport is democratic and thus never minds being beaten. The game has been taken up socially in Sweden, and amongst those who may be frequently seen in the courts, either playing or watching the play, may be mentioned, the

Photo. Tomason.

THE CROWN PRINCE OF SWEDEN.

From a Photo.

GROUP TAKEN OUTSIDE THE COVERED COURT AT STOCKHOLM.
CROWN PRINCE OF SWEDEN. PRINCESS INGEBORG OF DENMARK.

German and Belgian ministers, Mr. Bax Ironsides, the English Charge d'Affaires, Count von Rosen and many others. The King himself plays in mixed doubles when stopping at watering places on the west coast, and is nearly always a keen and appreciative spectator of the greater matches played in the International tournament held in Stockholm in May. Prince Gustaf Adolf and Prince Wilhelm, two sons of the Crown Prince, play and show promise. Prince Gustaf Adolf played in the university tournament at Upsala this year, and with H. Cederschiöld won the men's handicap doubles.

The two best players in Sweden are Setterwall and Bostrom. The first is champion, but Bostrom runs him hard and beat him last year in Saro. Setterwall serves and smashes very well and his volleying is good. He has a very powerful forehand ground stroke which is very effective when he drives across the court from left to left like S. H. Smith. Bostrom has a good service and good backhand ground strokes. Both these men have good style, and as they are quite young will probably improve greatly. Bostrom is at Upsala University, and with Carlander and Forssell has done much for the game. Lately they have obtained enough help to build a covered court, and shortly, no doubt, a very promising lot of younger players will hail from there, as the club has 150 members, and the players are so keen that both the covered and the two hard courts outside are in constant use. It is to be hoped the southern university at Lund will follow suit, and then, perhaps, we shall see a competition between the two on the lines of our own Oxford and Cambridge. Nordenson is another good player who often acts as honorary handicapper and referee, which duties he carries out admirably. He has often been a competitor in other Continental tournaments, and has done more than

W. BOSTROM. T. CARLANDER. R. WACKTMEISTER. O. FORSSELL.
THE COURTS AT UPSALA UNIVERSITY.

any one else to induce strangers to compete in Sweden and thus give an international interest to the contests.

Of the lady players Mrs. Adlersträhle, Svedberg and Wallenberg, and Misses Flygare and Werner are the best. The first is the lady champion, but Miss Werner, who is a very plucky player, beat her and Mrs. Wallenberg in two very stiff matches in Saro last year. Of all these ladies Mrs. Wallenberg has the best style. Miss Flygare volleys very well, and when partnering Setterwall, used to play a very strong mixed double. There are several young Swedes who show great aptitude for the game and who, if they stick to it, will make great players, amongst others are Leffler and Lindstrom from Gothenberg, and Akerholm from Stockholm. The Gothenberg players, in friendly rivalry with Stockholm, have lately built two covered courts which are sure to be largely used. They are end to end and are not very lofty, but the floor is extremely good. They were opened last year by the Crown Prince, who played with Setterwall a men's double against Dering and Flavelle, whom they beat in a closish match. The Gothenberg committee are negotiating for a professional,

and if they obtain any one who will develop into as fine a player as Haggett has at Stockholm, the local play will much improve. Haggett, the professional at Stockholm, was formerly a ball-boy at Queen's, and is now one of the most finished players to be found.

Two or three very pleasant little tournaments are held at watering places in the vicinity of Gothenberg. The best of these is at Saro, a very pretty and well-wooded island, about one hour's sail down the coast. The Crown Prince took part in it and won the men's doubles. An international interest was given to the meeting by the presence of some Danish and English players. Mr. Keiller, on the steps of whose villa one of the groups is taken, was very hospitable to the visitors, and by his help in the management contributed greatly to the success of the meeting. Besides the covered courts already mentioned, more are projected in Jönköping, Karlskrona, and Christiania. To utilise these places fully, the Swedes have taken great trouble to experiment with the electric light, and in Stockholm with marked success. A very good game can be played at night, though the flight of some balls is lost sight of. The lights are sunk in great cups and the light is then reflected down by apparatuses that look like huge white umbrellas. Undoubtedly the most interesting tennis in Sweden is to be seen in May in Stockholm, at the International tournament. A very fine shield was given for competition by Mr. Lowenadler, and Englishmen have always competed, and on one occasion two German players came from Berlin. Every available seat is occupied by an enthusiastic audience, and so much interest is shown that admission can only be gained by invitation tickets. The King and Princess Ingeborg, wife of Prince Carl, who is one of the most charming women in Sweden, are often keen spectators of the play. Flavelle,

Photo, Tomason.

THE CROWN PRINCE OF SWEDEN IN A MIXED DOUBLE AT SARO.

Payn, and Ritchie have held the shield. Godfree and Burford Morrison, who are well known at Continental tournaments, have also competed, the latter acting here as honorary referee, as he has also done in Heiligendamm.

HOLLAND

In Holland, where the game is followed with as much zest as in Sweden, play is restricted more or less to the summer. As no one of sufficient influence plays, they have not yet been able to get covered courts. The game is principally played at Scheveningen, near the Hague, Haarlem and Hilversum. The national contest takes place at a different place every year, but the big international tournament is always held at the Hague. Originally it was played on asphalte courts in the old Bataff ground, and it was there that Pim won the cup in 1898. In 1900 the venue was changed to the new Leimonias Club in Scheveningen, where the eight gravel courts have from year to year been so much improved that now they are as good as any in Europe. Less important annual meetings are held in Arnhem, Leiden, Amsterdam, Enschede, Rotterdam and Nymegen.

No better sportsmen are to be found in the world than the Dutch; they cheer good play and strokes with absolute impartiality, with no thought of the nationality of the player, so that it is always a delight for the stranger to play before them. In no other country are there so many good umpires; decisions are good and are given quickly, and the older players take trouble to train the younger in the art.

Of all Dutch players, Karl Beukema is the best. He is a good all-round sportsman, and plays hockey, football and cricket well (he was in the Dutch

A GROUP TAKEN AT SARO, SWEDEN.

Photo, Tonason.

W. SCHEURLEER AND K. BEUKEMA.

cricketing team that visited England the summer before last). He serves and smashes very well, his volleying is good, as is also his backhand ground-stroke. He has been prominent for many years in the lawn tennis world, and has done much work in organising and managing the club in the Hague. In most of the interesting matches played in Holland he has been a central figure. On three occasions he has met Payn on level terms and has been twice victorious, and was only beaten by the latter last year in a severe five-set match, the result of which was in doubt up to the last moment, and which was practically decided by service. He played a very fine five-set match against Decugis in 1901, in which he looked at one time an easy winner, but after losing the first two sets, Decugis pulled the affair out of the fire. Beukema is a very fine double player also, and has won matches with all sorts and varieties of partners. Two

other players who have been most useful in organisation are Van Rappard and Scheurleer. Van Rappard has temporarily dropped the game, but it is to be hoped he will return to it, as he is altogether too good to stop. He has good ground strokes and can volley well. He played his best match against Flavelle in 1900, whom he was on the verge of beating in the open singles. Scheurleer is a sound player who has lately improved; this year he won the mixed and a men's double at the Hague tournament. Van Rees is an older player whose health unfortunately prevents him now taking an active part. Before Beukema's time he was national champion, and was, perhaps, the best double player that Holland has produced. Trip and the elder Beukema were good, but have both dropped the game more or less lately. A. Broese van Groenou is a player who has a powerful service and can smash very well, but misses many easy

C. VAN RAPPARD AND L. TRIP.

THE MISSES VAN AKEN,
Lady Doubles Champions of Holland.

strokes by carelessness. He is also an all-round sportsman, playing football and cricket well; he also made one of the visiting cricket team, and two or three years ago rowed at Henley in the Delft University boat, which so nearly defeated London. Amongst the most promising young players is Th. Mundt; he has a very fine forehand drive, but must avoid the tendency he has to become a one stroke player. Vreede and the younger Scheurleer are also good, the latter winning at the Hague this year an event open to those who had never been previously successful.

Sir Henry Howard, the British Minister at the Hague, takes a kindly interest in the game, and is always a spectator of the finals at the Leimonias Club. He has generously promised to present a cup for this year's competition in place of that which has now been won outright. Lord Granville, who is attached to the embassy,

plays the game and competed in one or two of the events in 1901. In Hilversum, a pretty little town situated twenty miles from Amsterdam, a pleasant tournament is held. Here there are three hard courts made of cement, and well sheltered in a wood. The Van Lenneps are the prime movers in tennis here, and several members of the family play. In 1899 the tournament produced many interesting matches, and a double which Broese van Groenou and Flavelle won against the two Beukemas was very keenly fought.

The two Misses van Aken are the best Dutch lady players. Miss A. van Aken, who is champion, has a good service and has a great driving stroke, but her younger sister has very good style, and running in on a good stroke frequently volleys prettily and effectively. Miss Broese van Groenou and Miss van Stockum are both

A. BROESE VAN GROENOU AND TH. MUNDT,
Doubles Champions of Holland, 1902.

good and coming players.

GERMANY

In Germany one of the supporters of the game is the Kaiser, who has a covered court at the Schlosspark of Monbijou, near Berlin, where he plays with the Von Mullers. When in Homburg this year he played once or twice in his residence, the Schloss, outside the town. The Crown Prince plays publicly, and is very fond of the game. He has a good service, and plays fairly well. His game has been improved by Von Lersner and Von Muller, who are at college with him at Bonn, and with whom he plays every day. On the courts at Homburg he often plays Miss Duddell, a very charming English *habitué* of the place.

MISS A. VAN AKEN,
Lady Champion of Holland, 1902.

Photo, Gordan & Delius.
THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE AND LIEUT. OTTO VON MULLER

There are three or four centres where tennis is followed with zest.

Heiligendamm, Hamburg, Berlin and Homburg are the chief of these.

Heiligendamm is a watering place in Mecklenburg Schwerin, and is surrounded by lovely woods which come almost to the water's edge. Here the Grand Duke has a villa, and both he and his mother Anastasia, Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg Schwerin, play in the summer. The courts, with the exception of two in the Burger's Park, Pretoria, are, perhaps, the finest ones in the world. Made of a reddish gravel with plenty of run back, they are separated from each other by good grass, which is very helpful to the eye. The forest shelters them and gives

Photo, Gordan & Delius.

LIEUT. OTTO VON MULLER AND MISS DUDDELL.

GERMAN CROWN PRINCE AND FRAU VON MAESLER

A MIXED DOUBLE AT HOMBURG.

THE COURTS AT HEILIGENDAMM.

an effective background, and yet the trees are not near enough to cast shadows.

The Grand Duchess plays a very stiff game, but sometimes saves a difficult situation by a good stroke. She only takes part in mixed doubles. The Grand Duke plays in fairly good style, and has a good service, but stands too like a statue in the court, and does not run about enough. Here also play Count Voss and the Countess Schulenburg, the best players in Germany. The estimate one sometimes hears of their capacity is, however, exaggerated. To liken them to Doherty and Mrs. Sterry is manifestly absurd. They play too much with professionals, who, as they are men who have to earn their living, can scarcely be blamed for exaggerating the capacity of their pupils by contrasting it favourably with the play of other people. If the Count did not give so many walk-overs when pitted against people of his own calibre it would be easier to classify him, but if both Dohertys are put at scratch he should receive 4—6. Adopting a recent classification in December, 1902, in "Lawn

COUNT VOSS.

Photo, Beckmann.

GRAND DUKE.
GRAND DUCHESS. COUNT GROTE.
GROUP OF ENGLISH AND CONTINENTAL PLAYERS AT HEILIGENDAMM.

Tennis," this would make him level with Greville, Ball-Greene, and Flavelle. This is exactly his position. He beat Hillyard and Ball-Greene once at Monte Carlo. When he came to England in 1899 he played a good losing game against F. L. Riseley in Dublin, and at Chiswick Park he beat E. R. Allen, and was beaten by Greville. R. F. Doherty beat him very thoroughly at, I think, Nice, the score being 6—0, 6—0, 6—0, and Hough beat him two sets to one at the Auteuil covered court. He has a good forehand ground stroke and volleys well, but his service, though hard, is easy to take, he smashes only moderately, and his backhand ground stroke is poor. The Countess Schulenburg has very good firm ground strokes, her forehand being the best, and keeps excellent length; she serves underhand with a slight twist. She is about equal to the eleventh or twelfth best English lady player. Princess Reuss is often seen playing in mixed doubles, and Count Grote makes use of the courts. Von Gordon and Von Schneider play here. The latter relies principally on hard forehand driving, the former is a

COUNTESS SCHULENBURG.

Photo, Gorlan & Delius. H. R. H.

THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE IN A MIXED DOUBLE AT HOMBURG.

more all-round player who can volley well. He has a curious overhand cut service. Neither will improve much. Here the national championship of the Germans is contested, and Carl Lange won this year after two creditable matches against Schindler and Boelling. The audience at Heiligendamm is large, but certainly not enthusiastic, and the treatment meted out by the powers that be to the visitors at the tournament is neither courteous or kind.

Hamburg once was in the van of lawn tennis in Germany, and the championship of Germany was held here, but things declined and the above event was transferred for several years to Homburg. Lately, however, in 1902 the Hamburger Lawn Tennis Gilde was founded, of which Mr. von der Meden, the father of the

game in Germany, is the central figure. This is a most excellent working committee, and the game will have a fresh start under the most hopeful auspices. Last year's tournament on the Uhlenhorst ground was a great success, and once more the championship of Germany was fought out here. There are between twenty and thirty gravel courts. The surface is perfect, but unfortunately the lines are of iron; the committee have, I believe, under consideration the advisability of altering some of the match courts to tape lines. De Voss, of Hamburg, Andre, Behrens, and Nirrnheim are the best players here. De Voss has not played lately, but judging from the excellent way he played in Berlin two years ago, he should make a great player. He is very good in a double, and is a plucky match player. Andre is a very stylish player, and Behrens is a great forehand driver.

Photo. Gordan & Delius.

BOELLING AND SCHINDLER.

Photo, Gordan & Delius.

THE COURTS AT BERLIN.

SETTERWALL AND DERING IN A DOUBLE.

In Berlin the Lawn Tennis Turnier Club is the leading organization, and has now about 600 members. Princess Friedrich Leopol of Prussia (sister of the Kaiserin) is its patron. The club was founded mainly by the exertions of Mr. Dering, the English Secretary of Legation, and Berliners recognise they have much to thank him for. Mr. von Jecklin has worked hard, too, for this club and for the game generally, as he has acted on several occasions as honorary referee for tournaments with kindness and courtesy under, at times, very trying circumstances.

There are an immense number of players in Berlin, where Kerr, who has lately been employed as professional, has his time fully occupied. In the early summer tournament held there two years ago, there was an entry of 450. The best players here are Schindler, Boelling, the Langes, and the Von Mullers. Carl Lange is the best of these; he has a great drive and can volley, smash and serve well. He is a very plucky match player, and richly earned the success he got at Heiligendamm this year.

Photo, Arthur Frank.

GERMAN LADY PLAYERS AT HOMBURG.

Schindler has a very fine forehand drive, and he disguises skilfully where he is going to send it, but he is too much a one-stroke player. Of all Germans Boelling is far the most stylish player. Every stroke is good, but his backhand ground stroke is best, and is most gracefully taken. He is, however, too soft, but if he will put more steam into his strokes he will go far. The Von Mullers, Hardy, and W. Schmitz are also creditable players.

In Homburg, the most international tournament is held. Here, there is nearly always a large contingent of English players, and generally a sprinkling of French, Dutch, Swedish, Belgian and Austrian players also. In 1899, probably the best year here, Mahony, Gore, Hobart, the Dohertys, Beukema and Black competed, and some very fine play resulted, Hobart, the American, probably

GROUP OF DISTINGUISHED PRIZE WINNERS AT HOMBURG, 1896.

TEA UNDER THE TREES AT HOMBURG.

playing better than he had ever done before. Mrs. Sterry, Countess Schulenburg, and Miss Lowther also competed. The courts are ideally situated from the spectator's point of view, but leave much to be desired from the player's. The tournament is usually played on six courts. These are arranged in two rows of three each, and are end to end. Very fine trees are very close to the base lines at each end, giving delightful shade to the spectators who lounge in basket chairs and watch the play. King Edward VII. has been a visitor, and the Duke of Cambridge is often there. The crowd at Homburg is a large and fashionable one, and often at a great match there is a long line of Royalties looking on. At the other base-line amongst the trees is a tea house, and quite a feature here are the groups at little tables taking tea and chatting. From the player's point of view

GRAND DUKE MICHAEL OF RUSSIA. R. F. DOHERTY. COUNT VOSS.
A DOUBLE AT BADEN-BADEN.

the courts might be much better. The great mistake is the wood lines; they should be tape. In the composition of the courts there is probably not enough clay, as there is too much loose material on the surface. The trees are too close, casting both in the morning and late afternoon most perplexing shadows. Both before and after the great tournament Miss Duddell often arranges little tournaments on the American plan of everyone playing everyone else, and it is jokingly said that everybody gets a prize, those who win getting the better ones.

A very good tournament used to be held at Baden-Baden, where the Grand Duke Michael of Russia and his wife, Countess Torby, who have lately deserted the game for golf, used often to compete. The minor centres of tennis in Germany are Bremen, where Thomson plays, Leipzig, Frankfurt, Mannheim and Brunswick, and the two universities of Heidelberg and Bonn. Tournaments are

Photo, Morrison.

A ROYAL GROUP WATCHING A MATCH AT HOMBURG

THE COURTS AT BADEN-BADEN

Photo, Nachf.

A GROUP OF DISTINGUISHED PLAYERS AT BADEN-BADEN.

held in the Baltic coast towns of Zoppot, near Danzig, Warnemunde and Heringsdorf; the dates for all these fixtures are now arranged by the lately formed German Lawn Tennis Association, which is on the model of ours, and of which Mr. W. Brüggemann is the obliging secretary.

The Countess Schulenburg is undoubtedly the best lady player in Germany, but there are many ladies who play well. Amongst others may be mentioned Frl. Ross, Friederichsen, and Meyer of Hamburg; Frl. Wiggers of Rostock; Frau L. von Simson; Frl. Wiebe, E. Köttgen, and Gusserow of Berlin; and Frl. O. Schneider of Homburg.

BELGIUM

Amongst Belgians the game is very popular, and very good gravel courts are to be found at Brussels, Antwerp, and Liege. The Leopold Club of Brussels is the leading organization, and Baron de Laveleye, who is very popular with Englishmen, is the President. There at Whitsuntide a very fine tournament is held which generally draws all the Belgian cracks and many English also. The club

THE COURTS AT OSTEND.

has had lately to change its ground and go further from the centre, but the courts are better, and the whole thing is a great improvement. Borman, who is undoubtedly the best player, is often seen here. His style is not graceful, but he plays a strong game and is plucky in a match. He has a different reverse cut service and a great forehand drive, which he takes at the top of the bound with a straight arm, which causes the ball to shoot when it touches the ground. He was beaten this

P. DE BORMAN (CHAMPION OF THE BELGIANS) SERVING.

year, I believe, for the first time by W. Le Maire de Warzee, but the match was played under such extraordinary conditions as regards the court that I scarcely expect it to occur again. A return match was arranged by the consent of both parties at Brussels, but Le Maire, for reasons best known to himself, failed to put in an appearance. Le Maire is a

COUNTESS DE PRET AT BRUSSELS

COUNT ROBERT VAN DER STRATEN-PONTHON.

very finished player, and takes every stroke well, he volleys perfectly, and has a very pretty backhand stroke. He is, however, a bad match player, and before his trip to England in company with Borman last year, when they both played in the championship, he used to lose his temper when things went against him. He seems, however, to have taken to heart some comments that were made on the matter here, and has been much better since his return. He plays for three or four months in the winter at Nice, where, I believe, he held the club championship. If a trip to England would have the same beneficial effect on Trasenster, the third best Belgian, as it had on Le Maire, it would be advisable for him to take it. He plays in goodish style and serves well, but he should stick to play and not try

Photo, Magasins.

THE KING OF THE BELGIANS WATCHING A MATCH AT OSTEND.

management, for which tact and experience are required. De Rossius, who generally plays at Liege, is a stylish player with a good backhand, but is rather uncertain. Lefebre, who was once good in singles, has of late years chiefly reserved himself for doubles, which he plays well when partnering Borman. The pair carried all before them at Antwerp last year, and there is not much to pick between them and Le Maire and Trasenster in a double. In 1900 six courts were constructed at Ostend, and the championship of Europe was competed for there. At first the courts were very bad, but have lately been much improved, and the tournament is a great success, largely owing to the popularity and tact of Mr. Walckiers, who is one of the principal members of the committee.

MLLE. LOUISE GEVERS,
Lady Champion of the Belgians.

pionship was fought out between Mme. Comblen and Mme. Trasenster. In 1901, Mlle. Louise Gevers, who had never played in a tournament before, beat Mrs. Horncastle at Ostend. In 1902, she won the championship. She has a severe forehand drive and makes good shots down the lines. She plays with her head and is a good match player.

The King of the Belgians takes an interest in the courts, and has watched the play there during the tournament. There is a small centre of tennis at Ghent, where the Van der Stegens are the best players. Both brothers are stone-wallers, and want a lot of beating. For years the ladies' cham-

MISS MENZIES.

[illegible]

[illegible] the reputation of being the best in [illegible]. **Mme. Comte**, **Mme. Trasenster** and **Miss Menzies**, the daughter of the popular English Consul at Liège, are [illegible] best, and must be classed together. Of the three, **Miss Menzies** has the best style. **Mme. [illegible]** looks well in [illegible] with **Le [illegible]**, who has a good [illegible] and is [illegible] effectively.

[illegible]

[illegible] the [illegible] much outside [illegible]

[illegible]

RITCHIE. HOUGH. GARDINER.
THE DANISH CHAMPIONSHIPS AT COPENHAGEN, 1902.

singles there is not much to pick between Larsen and Hillerup. Larsen has very pretty style and volleys exceedingly well, but is a very careless player, and although he occasionally slogs, is rather too inclined to play softly. He is very quick on the court. Hillerup, on the contrary, is a careful player and a very hard hitter; he has a tremendous forehand drive which is not at all easy to take. Under the

RITCHIE AND F. W. PAYNE
Changing sides in the Danish Championship at Copenhagen, 1902.

LARSEN. HILLERUP. HANSEN. GUDMANN.

THE FOUR LEADING DANISH PLAYERS.

patronage of H.R.H. Prince Christian of Denmark, the Danes held their first international tournament at the Copenhagen "Boldklub," in 1902. The weather was very bad, but interesting play was witnessed, as many well-known English players (Setterwall, of Stockholm, and, of course, the three best Danes, Hillerup Larsen and Gudmann) took part. In the final of the doubles Ritchie and Hough beat Payn and Gudmann. The latter is a very sound double player. He volleys very well and is very safe.

FOREIGN FORM

I had rather a peculiar experience last year on the Continent, for within six weeks I had played against six out of the eight best Continental players. Against five in open

LAWN TENNIS IN DENMARK: THE CROWD WATCHING A FINAL.

singles, and one in a double. This unique chance enables me, probably, to form a better estimate of their relative strength as against each other and against English players than can generally be made. As there are few gravel courts in England, Englishmen always play at great disadvantage on the Continent, especially as the custom prevails of playing many important matches in the morning, which is a time to which few English are accustomed. The capacity of players to play on covered courts and grass as well as gravel must be taken into consideration in every scheme of classification. Decugis (France), Borman (Belgium), Count Voss (Germany), Beukema (Holland), Le Maire (Belguim), André Vacherot (France), Aymé (France), and Setterwall (Sweden) are

the eight best players in the order named. With the exception of the three Frenchmen their play has been described. Decugis is certainly the best. He has a powerful and well-placed service which he delivers with an action something like R. F. Doherty. He smashes very well and has a particularly good backhand ground stroke. He volleys well and with great judgment and is a very good match player. Adopting the English classification, which appeared in "Lawn Tennis" in December 1902, I should put him on the 3—6 mark with Hillyard. He has never met Borman, but I think Decugis would be returned the winner. Although Borman is not nearly so good a volleyer as Voss, his forehand stroke and service are stronger than the German's, and in a match I am certain he would beat him, though as there is so little in it, I prefer to put them both on the 4—6 mark.

In contrasting Voss and Decugis, I can see no point in which the German is superior, whereas there are three, *i.e.*, service, smashing and backhand ground strokes, in which the Frenchman is better. They have not met, which is not the fault of Decugis, as the failure of the Count to put in an appearance to defend the German championship against the Frenchman, when it was played this year so close to where the Count was staying, occasioned some comment. Voss was probably playing better last year than he has ever played in his life.

Beukema should make a close thing with Voss, but his inexperience in play with those stronger than himself would act to his detriment. He should be on the 5 6 mark with Payn. Le Maire, André Vacherot and Aymé come next at 15, and Setterwall at 15.1. A. Vacherot is a very fine all-round player, and if it had not been for bad health would probably have held a higher position.

With his brother Marcel he plays a fine double. Some people would give a higher position to Aymé than I have assigned to him. He is more or less a one-stroke player, relying on a hard forehand drive. He has a hard cut service. He never appears to play abroad, and it is, of course, unfair to estimate his capacity only by what he does on his own court. His game, I think, would suffer much by strange surroundings. With the exception of Borman and Aymé, all the above play in good style, but in this direction the palm must be given to Decugis and Le Maire. There are eight other players, against all of whom I played with the exception of M. Vacherot, who are worthy of mention. As nearly as possible I should think the classification in Northern Europe is as follows:

3.6	Decugis	(France)
4.6	Borman	(Belgium)
	Voss	(Germany)
5.6	Beukema	(Holland)
15	Le Maire	(Belgium)
	André Vacherot	(France)
	Aymé	(France)
15.1	Setterwall	(Sweden)
15.2	M. Vacherot	(France)
	C. Lange	(Germany)
15.3	Boelling	(Germany)
	Schindler	(Germany)
	Hillerup	(Denmark)
	Larsen	(Denmark)
15.4	Bostrom	(Sweden)
	Trasenster	(Belguim)

CHAPTER VIII

PLAY IN FRANCE AND SWITZERLAND

By R. B. HOUGH

It is hard for the English lawn tennis player, accustomed to having at least some time at his command, to realise the difficulties our neighbours in France, as in Switzerland, have to contend with in order to become proficient in the game. In both countries school life means one long, hard grind, with every minute taken up in the work of the day, or in preparing for that of the morrow. Even Sunday, for very many French scholars, brings no real freedom, and certainly no time which can be devoted to sport. After school life, in France, comes military service. In Switzerland the game is looked upon by the elders with great disfavour. Two of the leading Swiss players told me, very recently, that their parents scarcely believed it possible their sons should desire to leave home for a whole week in order to play tennis. Yet, in spite of all difficulties, young players in both countries are coming very rapidly to the front, and the day is not far distant when we shall have to fight our hardest to uphold our supremacy.

In France the game has taken a great hold, and there are now Lawn Tennis Clubs in towns where, a very

short time ago, the game was unknown. So much is this the case, that I was very much struck, on a recent trip through a large part of the French provinces, to see quite a number of people, in many different places, with lawn tennis rackets. Paris is, however, very far ahead of the provinces, and in Paris the tennis enthusiast can have all the play he wants, and exceedingly good play, too.

The leading Clubs in Paris are the Tennis Club de Paris, at Auteuil; the Racing Club, in the Bois de Boulogne; and the Puteaux Club, the last named being a very fashionable resort. The first-named Club—the T.C.P. as it is usually called—is quite the most important, as, not only are there several good outdoor courts, but also two excellent covered courts. It is here that the Open French Singles and Doubles Championships are contested at Easter.

It would be impossible to write of French tennis without mentioning the very prominent part Armand Masson has taken in developing the game. This gentleman is a French Canadian who has resided in Paris for many years, and has worked very hard to promote lawn tennis in his adopted city. Success has certainly rewarded his efforts. I recollect in 1895, during the Dinard Tournament, Masson telling me with delight that the Paris Tennis Club's covered courts were an actuality, and that the Club had decided to institute a yearly competition for the Open Singles Championship of France. He there and then made me promise to come to the first open meeting, to be held in the November of that year. This meeting took place, and among the competitors were Count von Voss, André Vacherot, P. Aymé, Lebreton, and P. Lecaron. G. Hetley and myself were the only English players—it was a great disappointment to the club that the English entry was so small.

However, Masson did not despair; he wanted his club to take the leading position, and he intended that it should do so. My opinion was asked, and I said that if the meeting were held at Easter, commencing on the Good Friday, I was sure several of our good players would be pleased to come. It was thereupon decided that the club's meetings for the Open Championships of France, together with the usual handicap events, should take place every Easter. The floor of the courts was not quite satisfactory, and the Committee at once resolved to put down a new floor in oak; and this was done, although it was a very expensive matter for a new club. It was Masson who led the way in all this; he was backed, however, by an excellent Committee, of whom the leading members were Lecaron, Rolland, and Hetley.

The Second Annual Meeting was held the following Easter (1896), and was a great success. Amongst the English competitors were M. F. Goodbody, G. M. Simond, J. M. Flavelle, F. Carter and myself. Since then the meeting has taken place regularly, and both the English and French entries have gone on increasing each year. This tournament is particularly French; the great majority of the competitors, and mostly all the spectators, are French, but at no meeting are English players more welcomed, or made to feel so thoroughly at home as at Auteuil, whilst the applause is absolutely impartial. The handicapping and management of the meeting have for the last few years been carried out by C. A. Voigt in a most satisfactory manner. One annual function at this meeting is the dinner given by P. Lecaron, formerly president and still one of the leading members of the club. A great feature of this festive gathering is the after-dinner speeches in French of the English players, and the speeches in English of the French players.

From a Photo.

R. B. HOUGH AND MARCEL VACHEROT.

MENU OF A DINNER GIVEN IN PARIS, 1902, TO THE ENGLISH AND FRENCH PLAYERS BY M. LECARON.

At Puteaux there is an Annual Summer Meeting, at which the championships of Paris are played, and a very enjoyable tournament it is from a social point of view. The Comte de Janéz is President of the club, and the meeting is under his management, consequently it is well looked after. R. F. Doherty carried all before him there in 1902.

R. F. DOHERTY AT DINARD, 1900.

In the provinces, Dinard, Nice, and Cannes are the most important tournaments. Dinard is managed exceedingly well by Sir George Duntze, who has been Hon. Sec. to the Dinard Lawn Tennis Club for many years. H. A. B. Chapman and A. W. Gore learned a good deal of their tennis on these courts, whilst many of our leading players have played there at one time or another; amongst others, H. A. Nisbet, M. F. Goodbody, and W. V. Eaves have been frequent visitors. In 1896 Eaves won the cup outright after some very hard fights. R. V. Forbes, the present holder of the cup, is a player who competes very little in tournaments excepting at Dinard and at St. Servan (where he won the cup outright in 1902). He plays with a peculiar cut stroke, and when at his best is a difficult man to beat.

The Nice Courts are managed by a good Committee, of which those well-known players, A. G. Morganstern and F. L. Fassitt, are leading members. Two or three tournaments are held there every season, at which some of the very best English and Continental players compete.

Burke, the professional player, also has some courts at Nice, and anyone wishing for first-class practice and good instruction cannot do better than engage Burke to give lessons.

At Cannes there are several courts, mostly belonging to different hotels. Here almost every one of our best players have played at some time or another. The Renshaws in their day, and the Dohertys now, have all played a great deal on the well-known Beau Site Courts; whilst G. W. Hillyard and Count von Voss are most regular visitors.

T. BURKE,
Professional Champion of the World.

However, for purely French players, it is the Paris Club which has done the most to advance the game. The Committee first engaged the Irish professional, Burke, to improve the play of their members. Burke is, as a player, inferior only to the Dohertys; he is also an excellent teacher. He has gained the professional championship on both the occasions it has been played for during the past few years, beating Tom Fleming and George Kerr, after very hard matches, at Paris in 1898; whilst he beat Haggett, of Stockholm, and Tom Fleming of Queen's Club, at Nice, in 1902. Burke's teaching is

THE BROTHERS VACHEROT.

very marked in some of the French players, and the Irish drive is quite a feature of their game. After Burke left, Marshall, the Llandudno professional, was engaged. Marshall was not so good a player as Burke, but he hit hard, had good style, and taught the game well. Both Burke and Marshall were well paid and the services of *les professeurs*, as they were called, were largely in demand. Unfortunately, Marshall had a severe sunstroke whilst playing at Etretât in the summer of 1901, and has been unable to play since. Henton was engaged during the covered court season of 1901-2. This year the services of Cowdrey, the very excellent professional from Llandudno, have been secured. With good professionals at their disposal, players like Aymé, Lebreton, Max Decugis, Worth and others made very rapid progress, and being all quite young, a great future seemed open to them. Unfortunately, French players seem to reach a certain point in play and then to lose interest in the game. Especially has this been the case with Brosselin, Aymé and Riboulet, all players who might have become very good indeed. There has been, however, one very notable exception to this unfortunate rule, and this exception is André Vacherot. I consider this gentleman the most consistent player France has yet produced. On a

covered court Max Decugis would probably beat him to-day, but there is little to choose between the two players. André Vacherot has had very bad health for several years, and for a long time was unable to play at all. Notwithstanding this, with very little previous practice he won the single championship of France for French players in 1901, beating Max Decugis. Vacherot's style is very good, every stroke is graceful and played with excellent judgment. The one thing he lacks is severity. He is a particularly quiet player, and is consequently regarded as almost too reserved, until one knows him well. At Dinard in 1894, André Vacherot, who was then seventeen or eighteen years of age, was in receipt of 15 in the first-class handicap, in which W. V. Eaves, owing 15, was back marker. In 1895 at Dinard, Vacherot got into the last four in the open singles, and won the handicap singles from the 5—6 mark. In November of that year he won the Open French Championship, being the only French player who has ever won this event. Vacherot has, until 1902, won the championship confined to French players whenever he played. It is not likely that André Vacherot will ever play much better than he is now doing, as his health is too poor. As a double player he is very good indeed, and he and his brother make quite the best pair in France.

Of all the French players, none have done so well as Max Decugis; he is but twenty years of age, and already has come quite to the front. Although in the championship, confined to French players, he was beaten in 1901 by André Vacherot, and in 1902 by Marcel Vacherot, against other players Decugis has given proof of very fine play. In 1901 he was beaten by G. M. Simond in the final of the Open French Championship; but in 1902 he took his revenge, and defeated Simond in the semi-final. Almost without resting, Decugis played

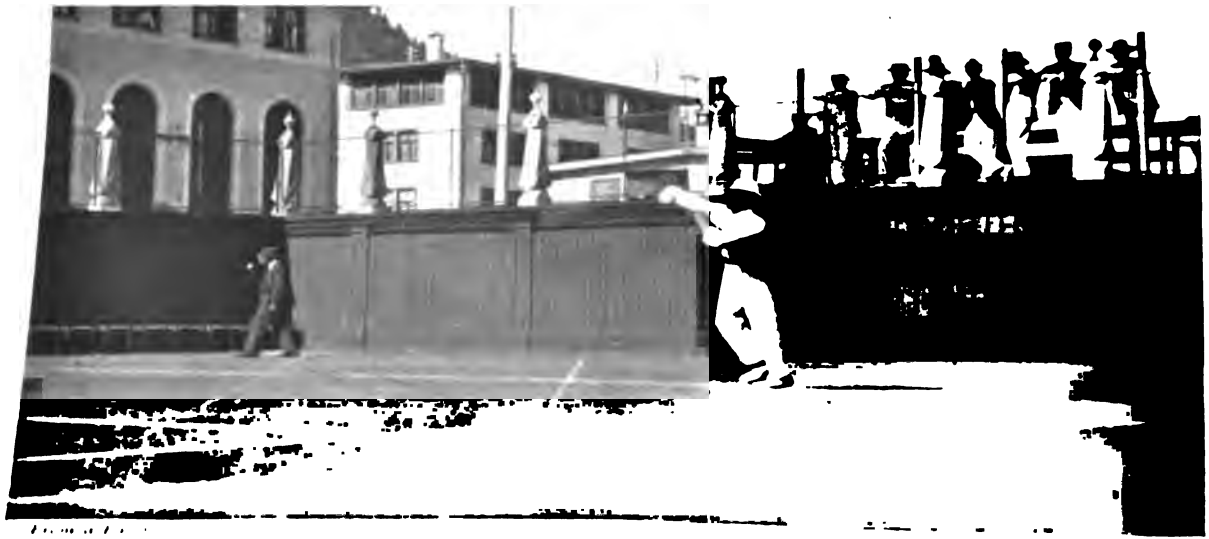
From a Photo.

M. MAX DECUGIS.
Covered Court Champion of France, 1903.

M. J. G. Ritchie in the final, and won the first two sets; he tired, however, and Ritchie won the three remaining sets, and the championship. In 1903 Decugis had his revenge, and beat Ritchie in the championship round by three sets to one. Decugis holds the championship of Germany, in which he defeated J. M. Flavelle; and amongst other players whom he has defeated is F. W. Payn. Decugis was at school at Woodford, in Essex, and learned the game on the Connaught L.T.C. grounds at Chingford. He won the Renshaw Cup for boys at Queen's Club in 1898. Decugis plays in very good style, and with sound judgment; he has a very hard service; a capital forehand drive, taking the ball on the top of the bound; he volleys well, and is very severe overhead. Being so young, and showing such great aptitude for the game, there should be a great future before him.

Marcel Vacherot is a few years younger than his brother André; he has a very pretty style, and most excellent strokes. He has played tennis for several years, and as a boy showed great promise. At times, however, he is disappointing, making many mistakes. His best performance was his victory over Max Decugis in 1902, for the championship of the French. Very shortly afterwards he himself was beaten by Lebreton, in the Paris championships at Puteaux.

Paul Aymé is a player who gave distinct promise, and who has twice fought out the final of the Open French Championships; in neither instance, however, was he able to win. Aymé's forehand drives are very good indeed, but his volleying is poor. He might become first class, but after having taken the game up seriously for some few years, he has lately turned his attention to some other sport. As all know who play the game, lawn tennis is a



MARCEL VACHEROT SERVING AT ST. MORITZ

hard mistress, who demands constant attention; it is, therefore, to be hoped that Aymé will leave his automobile and return *à ses premiers amours*. His reappearance will be welcomed by none more than by his English friends. Paul Lebreton, Jacques Worth, and Germot are the three next best players. Germot is very young, and does not appear to be strong, but he is improving very quickly.

In classifying these players I should place Decugis first, Aymé and André Vacherot next, with Marcel Vacherot fourth, and Lebreton fifth. There can, however, be very little between the first three players, whilst the last two are practically equal. Decugis would be, compared with English players, about equal to M. J. G. Ritchie.

Although very many French ladies play tennis, there are but few good players amongst them. Mlles. Masson and Prevost are quite the best, and form a class to themselves. There is, probably, not much difference between these two ladies in play; they have, however, very seldom met each other. In 1899 Mlle. Prevost defeated Mlle. Masson at Dinard; but in 1902 Mlle. Masson successfully turned the tables in the French Ladies' Championship, beating Mlle. Prevost by 5—7, 7—5, 6—2. This victory gives Mlle. Masson the premier position; especially as she has always won the Open French Championship whenever it has been played for. Mlle. Prevost has, however, never competed in this event. Mlle. Masson played in the Welsh Championships in 1898; but, being unaccustomed to grass play, did not do herself justice. This lady is good, both forehand and backhand; possesses a long, hard drive with plenty of swing; places well, and keeps good length. She is, however, apt to be a trifle reckless, and at times goes too much for her stroke. In a mixed double she is a tower of strength. Mlle. Prevost plays a hard, steady game, and possesses a very severe forehand

stroke, and places well. She is very quick about the court, and if she could only improve her backhand she would be very hard to beat. Probably our best lady players could give 15 to either Mlle. Masson or Mlle. Prevost.

For any English players competing in the French Championships in Paris at Easter, excellent arrangements are in force with the Hotel des Deux Mondes, in the Avenue de l'Opera, where, for the last seven years, most of the competitors have stayed.

There have been some very exciting matches in the Singles Championship. In 1895 Count von Voss competed, but was beaten by an English player, who was in turn beaten by André Vacherot. In this year, Vacherot beat Aymé in the final round. In 1897 F. L. Riseley beat H. S. Mahony, after the latter had been twice within an ace of victory. Riseley played Goodbody for the Cup immediately afterwards, but was tired and was unable to win more than a few games. In 1898 G. M. Simond met P. Aymé in the Cup round. Both men had dined together the night before; and to the consternation of J. M. Flavelle and myself, our man turned up on the morning of the match, to a late breakfast, in a terrible state; something had upset him. Dr. Flavelle prescribed different things, including a drive, and a quiet lunch, but Simond got no better, and three sad English players drove to the Club. When we arrived there, however, we found Aymé was in a similar state; something they had eaten had disagreed with both men. Both played pluckily; but after three sets, Aymé retired, leaving Simond the winner at 9—7, 2—6, 7—5, or an exactly equal number of games. After the match Simond collapsed entirely. In 1899 Ritchie met Aymé in the final, and won after a very hard match. In 1900 Caridia was right on top of his game, and was irresistible; he beat Mahony in the

final. In 1901 Simond beat Decugis easily in the cup round; but the next year Decugis turned the tables, beating Simond very comfortably in the semi-final. This was the year Decugis only just lost to Ritchie in the final.

A holiday at Dinard in the summer, or at Nice and Cannes in the winter and spring, means unlimited tennis. There are players good enough or bad enough to suit everyone. At Nice, Burke is always ready to give lessons, if one wants professional coaching; whilst that most excellent of club secretaries, A. G. Morganstern, seems never to be so pleased as when he can give himself a great deal of trouble in introducing the new arrival to the players of his club. Tennis, dances, lovely scenery, fine weather, and the attractions of Monte Carlo, make a holiday pass all too quickly in the spring of the year in the South of France. It is precisely the same at Dinard in August and September; there is something to do all day long.

Tournaments are also held in a large number of other seaside and inland watering places, such as St. Servan, Etretât, Divonne, etc.

SWITZERLAND

For the lawn tennis player no more perfect holiday

CONTINENTAL PRIZES: THE DOUBLES CUPS AT CHÂTEAU D'OEX.

CARIDIA. RITCHIE. SIMOND. NORRIS.

FRENCH DOUBLES CHAMPIONSHIP IN PARIS, 1900.

can be imagined than that furnished by a trip to Switzerland in August and September. Bracing air and lovely scenery are combined with good courts and most enjoyable tournaments. For beautiful surroundings St. Moritz comes first. Snow-capped mountains surround the courts; whilst the blue lake, the waterfall, and the river running between high cliffs, are all within sight. Then Lucerne, Château d'Oex, Les Avants, Ragatz, and Montreux, are all situated amidst charming scenery.

Should the tennis player decide to take his bicycle, he can journey from one tournament to another on his machine, and will thus be able to see a great deal of the country. All luggage can be sent on by post each day. I have in this way gone over a large part of Switzerland.

In August, 1897, the first open championships of Switzerland, under the Swiss Lawn Tennis Association, took place at Zurich. They resulted in de Herz winning the singles; and in Hay Gordon and L. L. Whiteway winning the doubles. This meeting, which had followed on the formation of the Swiss Association, led to a dispute with St. Moritz, where, under the managership of Dr. Holland, a championship cup, given by the proprietors of the Kulm Hotel, had been played for since 1895. This cup was held in 1897 by C. F. Simond, the doubles by Dr. Holland and Cousins. Dr. Holland claimed that the Swiss championship meeting was held at St. Moritz by prior right. On the other hand, the Swiss Association contended that they could not acknowledge any championships at a meeting given by favour of an hotel company on courts which were the property of the hotel. They, at the same time, pointed out that there was no *bonâ fide* Lawn Tennis Club at St. Moritz.

In 1898 I won the Swiss Association cup and the

open championship of Switzerland, at a meeting held at Château d'Oex. Fassitt and Evans, an American pair, won the double championships. The St. Moritz cup was not played for that year. A good deal of correspondence about these championships took place between the St. Moritz Committee and the Swiss Lawn Tennis Association, resulting in an agreement to refer the whole matter to the arbitration of the English Lawn Tennis Association. Fortunately, before any arbitration took place, an amicable settlement was arrived at, by which St. Moritz agreed to forego all claims, provided that the Swiss Association held the open championships at St. Moritz every alternate year for the ensuing ten years; after ten years a further arrangement was to be made. It was agreed that C. F. Simond should be held to be the holder of the Swiss singles championship for 1897, whilst my title to that of 1898 was undisputed. There was a good deal to be said on both sides, and the arrangement arrived at was a most satisfactory one.

Some of the first open Swiss tournaments appear to have been held at St. Moritz and at Château d'Oex. At St. Moritz Dr. Holland has done a very great deal for the game. His untiring energy has placed lawn tennis, in the Engadine, at a point which must be seen to be fully appreciated. The two courts at St. Moritz are of asphalte, and belong to the Kulm Hotel. Here take place annually tournaments which attract a very large number of spectators, and which return in gate money a sum much larger than that taken at almost any other European tournament. The seats are all numbered, and let for the duration of the meeting, which usually takes ten days. St. Moritz is notably a society resort, and the scene during the progress of a tournament is very gay and animated; most especially so about the tea hour.

The bound of the ball is high, and it is harder to control one's strokes than upon lower levels. The air, however, is so bracing that one can play all day. The visitor should take things quietly at first, as the high altitude (6000 feet), renders great exertion hurtful until one gets used to it.

To get to St. Moritz, a long drive is necessary over the Julier Pass; but the drive is a most interesting one, through grand mountain scenery. Leaving London at 11 a.m., and taking the Engadine express from Calais, in less than twenty-four hours one arrives at Thusis; from whence, to St. Moritz, carriage or diligence takes from ten to twelve hours. The railway connecting St. Moritz with Thusis is rapidly approaching completion, and this will shorten the journey by several hours. Most of the competitors in the tournaments stay at the Kulm Hotel.

Château d'Oex has until recently rivalled St. Moritz as a tennis centre. Here A. G. Morganstern and F. L. Fassitt for many years established their summer quarters, and during their reign the game flourished exceedingly. The courts, which are in the grounds of the Hôtel Berthod, are made of sand, and are almost perfect. The mountainous surroundings are particularly picturesque. The nearest railway station to Château d'Oex is Bulle, eighteen miles distant; but an electric tramway is now being constructed from Bulle to Montbovon, and this will considerably shorten the drive at present necessary. The weather is mostly cool and a very pleasant breeze springs up every afternoon. The village is about 3000 feet above sea level. There have been some excellent tournaments at Château d'Oex, with large entries of players of all nations. I recollect in 1898, when the second open Swiss Championships were held on these courts, having to play, in successive

From a Photo.

A GROUP AT THE SWISS CHAMPIONSHIPS, ST. MORITZ, 1899.

rounds, an American, a Frenchman, a Swiss, an Italian, and an Austrian. This must surely be a record. The Château d'Oex Cup has been the occasion of many a hard fight. E. K. Harvey won it twice, but I managed to secure it on four different occasions, and it thus, in 1902, became my property.

It was here that I made the acquaintance of one of the leading Swiss players. As I got down to breakfast one morning I saw someone in lawn tennis garb, drinking champagne and eating a most substantial meal. It was fairly early in the morning and I was naturally surprised. I was introduced later on, and it turned out to be Hans Schuster, a leading member of the Swiss Association, and who has done a great deal for lawn tennis in Switzerland; he had ridden, on his bicycle, right through the night, in order to be in time to play a round in the tournament, and as he naturally felt very unfit for play, he was trying champagne. I am sorry to have to record that he lost the match. Schuster is a great billiard player, and he used to delight us by his feats on the French table. Another member of the Association who has done a great deal for the sport is Hans Wunderly. This gentleman lives at Zurich, and any player who

Photo Ruf.

HANS SCHUSTER.

THE SWISS CHAMPIONSHIPS AT CHÂTEAU D'OEX, 1898.

wants a game will find Wunderly very pleased to take him on at any time after six in the morning. Mme. Wunderly is one of the best Swiss lady players.

Château d'Oex is a capital place for tennis; it is particularly healthy, and has the advantage of being cheap. There are numerous hotels and pensions where one can stay, but most players stop at the Hôtel Berthod. Major Mackenzie, formerly the President, is now the Secretary of the club. The Major is the best-known inhabitant; he is very enthusiastic about the place, and gives a cordial welcome to tennis visitors. Major Mackenzie took up the Secretaryship, at some considerable inconvenience to himself, when Fassitt and Morganstern deserted Château d'Oex for the new courts at Les Avants. The courts at Les Avants (3000 feet above sea level) are in the grounds of the hotel. No

MME. WUNDERLY—A LEADING SWISS PLAYER.

expense has been spared in their construction, and they are as good as it is possible to make them. Les Avants is not far from Château d'Oex. The first tournament was held in 1902, and meetings will take place every year. There are several open events for valuable cups.

The Lucerne Tournament has lately come very much to the front, and it bids fair to become the most important Swiss meeting. It is well managed, the prizes are very valuable, whilst the courts are situated quite close to the lake. The tournament week is in the middle of September, when the weather is cool. The Hon. Sec., W. L. Hathaway, is very obliging, and is always pleased to give any information. The 1902 meeting brought together several good players. G. M. Simond and L. H. Escombe won the open doubles, whilst L. H. Escombe won the singles. Miss V. Warden won the ladies' singles.

Ragatz, again, is an exceedingly nice place for a holiday. It is, however, only about 1000 feet above sea

Photo, Major Mackenzie.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE COURTS AT CHÂTEAU D'OEX.

J. K. Frost. R. B. Hough.
SWISS CHAMPIONSHIPS AT RAGATZ, 1902.

level, and is at times decidedly hot. It is said to be a great place for curing rheumatism; and certainly there were a large number of people taking the cure when I was there. At six in the morning everybody gets up, and I understand Ragatz is at its best at that hour. Personally, I did not try it, and I thought everyone made rather too much noise for such an early hour. Curiously enough, the tennis is managed by a lady, Mlle. Simon, who is not only an enthusiast, but is the holder of the championship cup for Swiss lady players. The Open Swiss Championships for 1902 were held at the Ragatz August tournament, and the meeting was quite a success, although the entries were not so large as could have been desired. The courts, which are of sand, are situated in the grounds of the hotels Quellenhof and Ragatzhof. The surroundings are exceedingly pretty; but, unfortunately, there is a lot of shade on the courts during the early afternoon. The nearest trees should be cut down; not only on account of the shade, but because many balls, whilst in play, actually hit the leaves over-

hanging the back of the courts. Although I have never heard of a ball which has touched a leaf whilst in play being given against the striker, yet, according to the rules of the game, this is what should be done. There is also a June meeting held yearly at Ragatz. The hotels are good, more especially the Quellenhof, which is quite first-class in every respect.

For play, Switzerland depends very largely upon foreign visitors. There is, however, one Swiss player who is distinctly good, and who shows very great promise indeed—this is G. Patry. Although but twenty years of age, he plays with great judgment, is immensely strong, is over six feet in height, and can last all day. He hits hard, has a terrific service, and has lately taken to running in on everything. Patry won the championship cup, open to Swiss only, outright in 1902. Besides this, he won the Open Championship Singles of Switzerland, a distinctly good performance. His chief weakness is the want of a good backhand stroke. C. Barde is the only other native player of any note; he and Patry make a good pair. Both live in Geneva.

G. PATRY,
Champion of the Swiss.

There are several good English players resident in Switzerland, the most notable being E. B. Harran;

[illegible] English boys, Archie Holland and the younger Kingscote, show very great promise; these youngsters can both be the first-class players if they only stick to the game. There are no good native Swiss lady players, but there are several English and other ladies who play a great deal in Switzerland, of whom the best are Miss Brooksmith and Miss White, from England; Miss Chenery, an Australian player; and Miss Vera Warden, from the United States. All play good tennis, Miss Brooksmith being the strongest player of the four.

The Swiss championships have produced some good tennis and some keen matches. De Herz, who won the first Association Championship, played a good back court game. Then Lumbroso, an Italian player, took a lot of beating, unless one was sound overhead; he would lob continuously, and was particularly active about the court. There used also to be a good Swiss player named Turrettini; this gentleman had capital style, but, unfortunately, his health gave way, and he was forced to give up the game. In 1899 G. M. Simond first came out to Switzerland; he carried off, at St. Moritz, both the Singles Championship, and, partnered by myself, the Doubles Championship. In the semi-final of the singles, he had a very hard fight with E. K. Harvey before he was able to win the second set. In 1900 Simond was, on account of illness, only able to come out at the last moment. Whilst still far from strong, he was beaten at Château d'Oex by E. K. Harvey, after being three times within an ace of the match. Harvey won the Swiss Singles championship that year, whilst Simond and I won the doubles for the second time. Miss Brooksmith, who had won the championship singles in 1899, very nearly lost her title in 1900 to Mlle. Masson. In fact, had Mlle. Masson been less reckless, the Paris player must have

THE SWISS CHAMPIONSHIPS AT ST. MORITZ, 1899.

won, as Miss Brooksmith was utterly done up in the third set.

For the Swiss Association 1901 was a bad year, as at St. Moritz, Simond and I won the championship doubles cups outright; Miss Brooksmith won the ladies' cup outright; whilst Miss Brooksmith and Miss Vera Warden made the ladies' doubles cups their own. The singles championship again changed hands, E. B. Harran winning this event. Curiously enough, in all the six times it has been played for, the singles cup has never been twice held by the same player. Simond and I had to fight hard to retain our doubles cups this year, as in an early round we were opposed by the champion French pair, André and Marcel Vacherot. Most of the French visitors at St. Moritz-Bad came over to see the crack French pair play. After a very good and exciting match, we managed to win by two sets to one. It was at these 1901 championships that a remarkable manifestation of the uncertainties of the game occurred. There were two open Singles to be played for, the Swiss Championship and the Engadine Championship. The same players entered for both; but the results were totally different, for whereas Harran and Blacker-Douglas played out the one, André Vacherot and myself met in the final of the other. In 1902 Mrs. Sterry, at Ragatz, easily won the Ladies' Open Swiss Championship, whilst G. Patry won the Men's.

CHAPTER IX

LAWN TENNIS IN AUSTRALIA

By L. O. S. POIDEVIN

VERY little can be chronicled as to the antiquity of lawn tennis in Australia. Compared with cricket it is quite a new game in the colonies. Cricket looks back through half a century of authentic history, while the sister game—well, it is still in its teens. Its courts are hallowed by few historical incidents, its records reveal no great international contests, it has never yet had a representative at Wimbledon. Nevertheless, its popularity is indisputable; it has flourished and developed in an extraordinary manner, and the reason is not very far to seek. The unlimited social opportunities it affords have endeared it to many; others find the court a pleasant meeting-place, a charming field for exercise, and a sphere of friendly and recreative rivalry unsurpassed by any other game. To the business man—and you will find very few in Australia who are not occupied most of the day in some business capacity or another—it is a veritable boon. He can leave his grim office walls behind, in the cool of the evening it may be, with an absolute certainty of getting just the amount of exercise he requires. More than that, he is not compelled to take this recreation during a few fleeting months of the year or go without,

but he can "finesse" for his favourite stroke or indulge in his most passionate drive practically all the year round. Lawn tennis exactly meets the recreative demands of this commercial, hard-working and leisure-limited people. Do you want picturesque environment? You will find it here, enough to satisfy the most fastidious aesthete; while a clear blue sky and bright sunshine add not a little to the general aggregate of pleasurable feelings. Indeed, it is not too much to say that our island continent is nature's own golden setting for this bright gem of out-door games.

Aided, then, by these accidents of conditions and surroundings, coupled with the inherent merits of the game itself, how could it but appeal to the athletic temperament of the versatile colonial? Hearty and handsome was the response to this appeal. It caught the public taste from the first, and soon the court became an indispensable adjunct to every home. That was but a beginning; the private lawn could not suffice. Clubs sprang into existence on all sides; "friendly" tests of skill abounded. Anything in the way of competition delights the Australian, and so the sphere and influence of the game widened and became more general. The final stage—an Association to order and control competitions, and to foster the best interests of the game generally. But the colonial's innate desire for competition (an hereditary descendant, no doubt, of the ancestral impulse for conflict) found its happiest realisation in the Inter-State contests—*the* great events of the Australian Lawn Tennis year. The first of these, a match between N. S. Wales and Victoria, took place in Sydney in 1885. The series has been continued, bi-annually, almost without a break, alternately in Sydney and Melbourne up to the present time. Year by year the matches have increased in importance and

in the public estimation, especially since it was decided to play the home state championship at the same time. The history and progress of the game find their fullest expression in these great festivals. Briefly and broadly put, the progress of the game shows practically the same developmental phases, though far less distinctly marked in degree and quality, as in England. The early and universal employment of the purely backline game; then the introduction of the "volley" and its complete adoption by the more enterprising for both singles and doubles; tactics to be superseded again in the case of the singles by attempts to cultivate a judicious combination of both branches of the game.

Exactly when the high-water mark in the play was reached in Australia is not very easy to say. Opinions on the point differ so much. Amongst Australian experts themselves, there is no unanimity as to the precise progress of the game. Older ones will tell you that the champions of a decade ago were quite as good as, and even better than, the present day cracks. Natural sentiment! Expressed another way, "There's nothing to beat the young ones—except the old 'uns." For my part I see absolutely no cause for any such decline, and every reason for progress. Certain it is that there are infinitely more first-class players now than at any previous time,

MR. L. O. S. POIDEVIN.

and, personally, I favour the opinion that the present standard, both in its potentialities and actualities, is the highest yet achieved. That is merely an opinion, however; unfortunately it admits of no proof.

As the game was played some ten or more years ago, two figures stand out far in advance of all their contemporaries. The N.S. Welshman, Dudley Webb, and his Victorian rival, "Ben" Green. Webb was, undoubtedly, the greatest Australian exponent of the backline game, while the methods of his rival, if memory plays me no trick, were not exactly confined to the base-line variety. However, it was always a battle royal when these players met, and although the N. S. Welshman generally gained the victory, it was more the success of the man than his style. A diplomatic player, mild and patient, relying, for the most part, on a powerful full-bodied drive, and the certainty and accuracy which marked its execution, yet not without a pleasing grace and style. Steady, thoughtful, judgmatic in biding his time for his inimitable side-line shots, which seldom failed to raise the "chalk," so finely accurate were they. A rather dangerous precision this, sometimes, especially where the sporting atmosphere savours over much of cricket lore, as the following incident is meant to illustrate. It happened at an Inter-State Championship Tournament, and being a Challenge Round (singles, by the way) the players were permitted the luxury of a number of line umpires. Almost before this novelty had time to wear off certain doubts arose as to the veracity of two or three decisions of the umpire on the "far" side-line. Each player, mute protest in his glance, had occasion to turn quickly round on the officiating gentleman, who happened to be a well-known local cricketer, grim and stolid, and with a reputation for fairness absolutely beyond reproach. Both players knew

this, therefore held their silence. However, it occurred again and again—and to both players alike. But the climax was reached in the third set, when two or three "shots" in rapid succession landed fair and square on the side-line, and were promptly given "out" by the cricketing umpire. The umpire in charge of the game was for over-ruling the line umpire, and in the discussion that ensued, the latter admitted "that the balls struck the line, but he thought *on the line was out*, as in cricket, and that therefore the ball must fall inside the line for the stroke to be 'good.'"

Fortunately it made no difference to the result; but to return to our veteran. The name of Dudley Webb is freely inscribed on the championship lists of his Colony, and although of late years he has not been an aspirant for this sort of fame, I feel pretty certain that were he to return to active participation in the game, he could adapt himself to the new conditions with very great credit to himself.

I have already stated that in some parts play in the open is possible, practically from March to March, but in reality the season proper, so to speak, only extends from March to November (inclusive). An extensive season, including the whole of winter, you will observe. Two or three small tournaments, somewhat in the nature of "appetisers," get the players into something like form for the first great event on the "card"—the Autumn Inter-State and Championship meeting. May is generally the chosen month, in the interval between the close of the cricket season and the commencement of the football season; and the venue the beautiful Sydney Cricket Ground enclosure, of which Dr. Eaves is reported to have said, last year, "the best courts I have ever played on." The Spring (November) Inter-State and Championship tournament at Melbourne provides the "grand finale" to the season, the

middle portion of which is devoted to club competitions, with a few scattered tournaments sandwiched in between. As a matter of fact, these competitions make up the bulk of the season's play; surprisingly little it is, too, as you may gather from the following brief account. Though each State has its own competitions, I am thinking chiefly of that in N. S. Wales, with which I am most familiar. They are all arranged on much the same lines, so that it is immaterial. The competition is divided into four grades, A (premiership), B, C, and D, each representing a lower standard of play than the previous one, and only teams from clubs affiliated to the Association are eligible. A team consists of four players (and two reserves), who play together throughout the whole season, since within certain limits no other representation is permitted. Classification of the competing teams rests entirely with the Association, which so arranges matters that each team meets every other team in its own class at least once during the season. In the premiership grade, home-and-home matches are played, an afternoon each, if possible, being devoted to both doubles and singles. The four highest teams on results, drawing for opponents, then play a semi-final and final on neutral grounds. The winning team owns the right to fly the premiership "colours," each member receiving an "honour cap" from the Association. The ties are played off chiefly on Saturday afternoons, and much the same conditions govern the competitions in the lower grades. These are the matches which afford the Australian his best opportunity for learning the game, for keeping up his form, and for practising and developing whatever ideas of "finesse" he might chance to evolve. What a contrast with the English season, crammed as it is with tournaments from beginning to end!

L. GADEN. H. RICE. D. S. EDWARDS. G. WRIGHT.
L. O. S. POIDEVIN. T. C. IRVING.
NEW SOUTH WALES v. VICTORIA.

What the colonial loses from lack of opportunity, he makes up for in enthusiasm. The desire to be "capped," to be chosen for the Inter-State team, is a heavy spur. The form displayed in the competitions often leads a player's name into the magic "six." The Inter-State team is composed of six players, and while I am on the subject I might as well outline the method of procedure in these contests. The matches are made up of both singles and doubles. For the singles the respective captains divide each his own team into two divisions with the three best players in what is known as the "upper half." Then each player in the upper half plays each of his opponents in turn, a rubber of three sets. The players in the lower halves do the same. That makes

eighteen single matches in all; a win counts 2 points. In the doubles, each team is represented by three pairs, who play each of the opposing pairs in turn, the best of three sets. Nine matches; 3 points for a win. It will be seen, therefore, that the team scoring an aggregate of 32 points or more wins the contest. Thirty-three matches have been played, and on results, especially of late years, Victoria has had the better of the deal. What stirring fights there have been! What grim determination on the part of the contestants!

Of the many exciting struggles that have resulted none has been so desperately close as that played on Sydney Cricket Ground in October, 1901, when the result of the whole contest depended on the last match—the last set—the last game almost. With the score at Victoria 31, N. S. Wales 29, and the last match (a double) carrying 3 points, nothing short of a victory could save either side. Never before or since has the writer seen greater enthusiasm and excitement round a lawn tennis court than in the few critical games of that now historic match (perhaps I may be pardoned for alluding to the players) between Spence and Heath (Victoria), and Irving and Poidevin (N. S. Wales). Words absolutely fail to give an adequate idea of the exacting nature of that game. I am perfectly certain that neither pair, had they been playing for themselves in an open championship game, could have shown such determination to win. Such is the character of Inter-State lawn tennis, and no exalted picture of it either. In this connection another game comes vividly to my mind. Scene: the Warehouseman's Ground, Melbourne; principals: Sharp and Windeyer (N. S. Wales), and Dunlop and Diddams (V.). It, too, was the last match of the contest, but had no bearing on the result, since Victoria had already won

handsomely. Rain had tumbled down all day, so wet and slippery the turf that many of the players discarded shoes altogether, in the belief that "stockinged" feet afforded firmer foothold. It was still raining in torrents, yet the four players mentioned above, with no thoughts for the rain, regardless alike of the treacherous turf and the undignified attitudes (sometimes a sitting posture, sometimes on all fours) in which strokes had to be made, fought out the result to the bitter end. Very "bitter," since it took no less than 22 games to decide the third set. Grimly humorous, no doubt, but —well, I merely mention these incidents to show the kind of spirit which animates the players in these contests. The "Cornstalks" and the "Cabbage Gardeners" (as the representatives of N. S. Wales and Victoria are respectively "dubbed"—names just about as appropriate as they are dignified) are old rivals now and the greatest of good friends withal; long may they continue so, for there can be no doubt that this keen and pure spirit of rivalry has been a potent directing influence in raising the standard of the game in the Colonies, and in fostering its development there.

MR. A. D. KEARNEY.

So much then for the conditions and the spirit guiding the fortunes of the game, but what of the players to-day? Let us wage a pen and paper battle between the rivals! It is not at all a bad game; there are no rules, and it reaches perfection when played in a railway carriage. All you want is an ordinary pencil, a shirt-cuff, and

some local "patriotism." But our "match" is intended to be something more. It matters not where we play; both sides are at full strength. Renowned amongst them all is the Victorian captain, the hero of many occasions, and perhaps the toughest player in Australia to beat, "Gus" Kearney! There he is, short and sturdy, the central figure in a merry group, and he the merriest of them all. First to appear in the playing space, he smiles at the umpire, twinkling and genial, and apologises for being so early as to make his opponent seem late (which the latter really is). Who is to be his opponent? Why, Horace Rice, of course, the New South Wales captain and her most consistent player for years. Capless, fuzzy-haired, and cheerful, with just a trace of "nerves" on the surface, the popular little left-hander faces his formidable foe. A few preliminary strokes and they are at it, but what a contrast in style? Rice, buoyant, nimble of foot, a trifle anxious, and possessed of a frank yet hostile-meaning forehand, an equally fine backhand, every stroke a rare combination of style and effect. Drives, "lengthy" and powerful, cross-court and every variety of base line shot are beautifully executed; neither does he let slip the least opportunity for his forceful volleying. He is playing better than ever he has done before, and he wins the first set; but in spite of all this you feel that he is doing an uncommonly large proportion of the running about. It tells after a time, it is part of Kearney's game; holding his racket in a style, *sui generis*, at least two inches (probably more) from the end, at first one gets the impression that he is mis-hitting every ball. Egregious error! He planks the ball down in the neighbourhood of the back-line with a most disconcerting persistency and misleading pace, first in one corner, then in the other; he covers the ground in

From a Sketch.

MR. A. D. KEARNEY,
Captain of Victoria.

astonishing fashion, getting everything back, and to this wonderful safety he occasionally adds touches of great brilliancy at the most inopportune moments—for his opponent. Manœuvre as the latter might, Kearney has an antidote for every move. A most determined player, cool, never surprised at success, never expecting failure; screwed-up antagonism in every movement. Toughness is a dominant quality, and the last point is always the hardest to win from him. It is not all over yet, however. The play is most exciting, Kearney leads in the third set. Five games to four, and 40—30 in his favour; only one stroke between him and victory. A sharp rally, both players near the net; Rice volleys hard, and Kearney "ducking" his head out of the way, the ball falls yards out of court. It is all over, but no! Kearney has told the umpire something (what not another person on the ground knows), "that the ball touched his hat in passing" —a true sportsman this, amongst sportsmen. The result is delayed for several games; at the close the spectators will most likely tell you "that Rice plays the better game," but Kearney wins—usually.

A brilliant and stirring match is that between Gaden (N. S. Wales) and Brookes (V.). They are both "slashers." Life is merry while they are playing; they go through the whole piece at a gallop, to the immense delight of the spectators. Ladies with unoffending parasols and innocent sunshades beware! Both are "express" servers; Gaden the faster of the two, if anything. Unorthodox, with lots of originality in his play, he is more enterprising even to the verge of recklessness than his opponent, who is a left-hander, serious and self-possessed, with a dashing powerful drive, an accomplished volley, and generally less erratic than the New South Welshman. It is not all storm, though, this game; evidences of ambush are

plentiful. Gaden especially is extremely fond of clever little cross-court screw shots that hug the net and bounce but little. What about the result? It all depends. Gaden may win—he is very plucky, and on his day often sweeps the board. Unfortunately, that day is usually not a long one; in fact, as often as not, it is only a part of a day. Gaden is finest in doubles. The partnership, Gaden and Rice, has been very prolific in championship victories. In this case, therefore, we must award the palm to Brookes, a greatly improved player of late, and one of the foremost in the Colonies at present.

Dunlop (V.) and Irving (N. S. Wales) are both artists at the game. You really don't quite know what they will do beforehand, but you are sure it will be clever and thoughtful. The Victorian will volley persistently and prettily, never unduly hurrying, but seemingly always in position—a very accomplished player. Irving, too, is a polished player, aggressive and dashing as well, with a more forceful drive and stronger service than Dunlop, in which he will execute quite a variety of artistic body-curves, altogether a pleasing mixture of wisdom, enterprise and style. The backhand drive and volley are his favourite and best strokes, in making which, as also in the general elasticity of his movements, he reminds one very much of H. S. Mahony. Both Irving and Dunlop are skilled performers, strategic, and supremely confident with almost every sort of stroke for every sort of emergency. It is a toss up between them, but as this match is mine I make the "spin" favour Irving.

Sharp (N. S. Wales) is the next to fall in on our imaginary parade ground. At once you are impressed with his modest bearing, quiet manner, his youth (the youngest player on either side), and especially with the natural excellence of his style. Every stroke is clean cut,

clearly defined, a finished thing in itself, beautifully timed, gracefully made, and strikingly free from effort. All of which tells of a clear eye, a steady hand, and willing muscles; few players drive harder or volley swifter than he, so Basil Spence, his opponent, will tell you. The latter is quite an institution; I can't think what an Inter-State match would be without his cheery personality. To the uninitiated his methods are extremely puzzling. The very picture of good-natured innocence, he sweeps over the court like a whirlwind, "cutting" and "slicing" everything that comes within his reach (precious little that doesn't) in a way that tells you every ball bears the stamp of experience on one side and artifice on the other. A damp and sodden court greatly intensifies the subtle spirit within him, and then he plays like three Spences rolled into one. So you may meet him and regret it. But this is a time of drought, and Sharp, profiting by the experience of past meetings, and beatings, may reasonably be expected to win. This much is certain, too, that none will begrudge the coming champion his victory less and with more becoming grace than Spence himself.

An atmosphere of silent and subtle conflict meets you at a neighbouring court. An artful, persistent, resourceful species of cross-questioning game, a study in angles, on the one hand, while from the other side of the net come replies as guarded and evasive as is strictly becoming in a futile yet tenacious defence. The play of the one bristling with repartee and incessant artifice, that of the other profoundly serious and prosaic. Thoughtful players both; Edwards (N. S. Wales), short-stepping, encyclopædic, quick to see and drive home a legitimate advantage, a badgering sort of player with no end of shots; Frazer (V.), a studiously careful, serious, "lobbing," hard-grafting and greatly under-rated player who must wait for his

revenge in the doubles where he is more in his element.

Over yonder is a match that has been playing these last two hours, few spectators and little applause, beyond an occasional "Played indeed, Barney!" from the Victorian captain. Come closer and carefully scan the principals. That's Wright (N. S. Wales), with the leather belt and pleasant eye, a tall, well-groomed, neat player, frank and free in style, displaying flashes of great dash and brilliance. He is strongest when attacking, and thus we find him. Barney Murphy is his opponent, a sturdy, plodding, unambitious little player, quite content to get everything back. A stone-waller, a long distance performer, and a very hard man to beat, as Wright has found. Besides his adamantine defence, you find it very hard when playing against him to overcome the feeling that your seven good shots avail nothing, and your *one* mistake counts against you every time. It was ever thus, reputations may be built up on the mistakes of others—even at lawn tennis. Briefly have I introduced the players, all too imperfectly, I know; but there they are. When I started I imagined I could see my friends quite distinctly, but somehow they would not photograph clear and definite in my brain. You might think I

From a Sketch.
MR. D. S. EDWARDS,
New South Wales.

missed the focus. But that is not so, however; it was the fault of the lens. So with honours easy, I leave you to fill in the gaps and finish my fancy engagement at your leisure. The doubles should prove an interesting problem.

Perhaps I ought to mention that Norman Brookes holds the "blue ribband" of Victorian Lawn Tennis at present, while the N. S. Wales championship, last year, after a series of closely-fought and protracted struggles, fell to Dr. W. V. Eaves, the English and Victorian player, who on three successive occasions was runner-up at Wimbledon. I have never seen the latter play, therefore refrain from criticism.

So far I have confined my remarks chiefly to Lawn Tennis in Victoria and N. S. Wales. But there are other Inter-State matches, though they are not regarded as quite so high-class. Once a year N. S. Wales sends a team to Brisbane to play against Queensland; Victoria goes one better in playing home-and-home matches with South Australia. Occasionally Tasmania gets a Victorian visit, and in 1900 a team was even sent to New Zealand by the "Vics." Players of promise get a splendid chance to show their mettle in these matches, as the teams representing the older States are usually chosen expressly

Photo, Alman.
DR. W. V. EAVES,
Champion of New South Wales, 1902.

Photo, McGann.

THE SOUTH AUSTRALIAN TOURNAMENT AT ADELAIDE.

with that object in view, and are not therefore the best available. However, the different States are gradually drawing closer to one another, and even now their various championships are invested with a very considerable amount of general interest. H. B. Rowlands, a famous Sydney University athlete, now resident in Brisbane, is the holder of the Queensland singles championship, and is undoubtedly the best all-round player in that Colony. He is a very pleasing player to watch, all his strokes are so neatly and decisively made. His volleying is crisp and effective and as he is extremely active with a very long reach as well; to pass him at the net is by no means easy. In addition, a genial manner, excellent judgment, a strong service and a brilliant "smash" make up a *tout ensemble* that is distinctly first-class. How he would fare in a match with R. G. Bowen, South Australia's best player, it would be very hard to say with any certainty. They have never met, and after all I do not think there would be much between them if they did. Of the two, I fancy Bowen has had the more experience. He is a

MR. R. G. BOWEN.

strong all-round player, good server, an excellent driver, with plenty of pluck and an elegant style very pleasing to the eye. Had he enjoyed the advantages of playing regularly in Victoria or N. S. Wales he would, I feel convinced, have taken a good position right in the very first flight. He seems cut out for it.

Players in Western Australia are very badly served in this respect; Perth is even more inaccessible than Auckland or Wellington in New Zealand. Still, it takes a very good man to win the Singles Championships of this lone Colony. Last year the honour fell to L. Saxon, a promising Victorian player who had recently settled in the West—a very pretty player with a great variety of strokes, strongest perhaps on the backhand volley. His match in the final against Crammond (the champion of the previous year) exemplifies well his Victorian pluck. After losing the first two sets and being apparently beaten

MRS. CATER (*née* MISS HOWITT),
Lady Ex-Champion of Victoria and N.S.W.

in the third, he pulled himself together in grand style, and after a magnificent fight succeeded in winning the last three sets and the championship.

Among the ladies, the player whose performances stand out most prominently is Mrs. Cater (*née* Miss Howitt). For years she won both the Victorian and N. S. Wales Championships with unfailing regularity. She was, indeed, a very accomplished player, depending for success chiefly on her powerful drives and wonderful placing. I have never seen a lady with a stronger and more masterly backhand; it was a treat to spectators, and a decidedly useful match-winning asset. She has retired now (more's the pity) with a brilliant record that will stand as the best for many a day. Still, I think the best lady player Australia has yet seen is the present N. S. Wales Champion, Miss Payten. A production of the new school, and quite a different style of player, she defeated Miss Howitt while yet in her teens. Very active, cool and resourceful, with a strong cut service and beautifully placed ground shots, she wins her matches by her volleying and her general safety. She gets to the net whenever a favourable opportunity offers (and she chooses her time well), is very clever at leaving pseudo openings, which she never fails to guard, and is surprisingly expert in anticipating and intercepting passing shots. In a double, mixed or ladies, she will follow her service to the net and volley the return with extreme accuracy. Every year sees her an improved player, and it would be hard indeed to find a weak spot in her play, unless it be that she is over-energetic. She will play handicap matches of every sort, giving extraordinary odds all day and every day of a tournament.

Another fine player very much after the same style, though hardly so accomplished, is Miss Gyton, the lady

champion of Victoria. She is small, youthful and active; has a fine forehand drive, a fearless style and a happy knack of doing her greatest deeds in time of adversity. Safety plays a very prominent part in her success. Many people hold that she would fully extend Miss Payten. I hardly think so, not yet; but at any rate a meeting between them would be fraught with unusual interest.

Miss PAYTEN,
Lady Champion of N.S.W.

The names of many other fine lady players suggest themselves to me, but I will only mention two, Miss Mant and Miss Payne, the championsof Queensland and South Australia respectively. A very skilful all-round player, especially strong forehand, is Miss Mant. In a lengthy record of successes, perhaps her finest achievement was when she defeated Miss Dransfield, one of the best and most consistent of the N. S. Wales lady players, in a very trying match at Brisbane in 1900. So hot was the pace and so severe their exertions, that at the conclusion of the first set both ladies, from sheer exhaustion, were compelled to take a prolonged rest before continuing the match. Miss Payne is a player of considerable promise. Recently, in the Victorian Championship Meeting, her displays were highly meritorious. In addition to an excellent showing against Miss Gyton in the singles, in company with her cousin, Miss Parr,

she secured for South Australia the Ladies' Doubles Championship—the first time it has gone out of Victoria.

The absence of any mention of all-Australian championships cannot have failed to attract notice. The explanation is easy since such competitions do not exist. It is rather a pity for many reasons; reasons the discussion of which does not come within the province of this chapter. However, I have reasonable hopes that the subject will materialise in the immediate future; at any rate it is worth thinking over and discussing. No doubt there are difficulties in the way, but none which could not be surmounted. It can hardly be disputed that lawn tennis is in a decidedly flourishing condition in the Colonies. Its future prospects are full of hope and promise. It is peculiarly gratifying to be able to place on record the great encouragement the game receives in our public schools; but what would be more welcome, more stimulating and beneficial, perhaps, than anything else, would be the institution of a periodical exchange of visits between representatives of the mother country and her offspring.

A Word about New Zealand

The flower of New Zealand Lawn Tennis comes into full bloom in the holiday season at or about Christmas. Then it is that all the various provincial champions, ex-champions, and other cracks, come together to decide the yearly disposition of their country's championships. This great annual meeting—the "Wimbledon" of Maoriland—is held under the auspices of the New Zealand Lawn Tennis Association, but is carried into effect by that particular provincial association upon whose courts it happens to be played. For this "tit-bit" of lawn tennis

is in turn "discussed" at Auckland, Christchurch, Wellington, Dunedin, and occasionally at Nelson or Napier. The courts at most of these places, and especially the "Brook" courts at Nelson, are beautifully situated both as to picturesque environment and actual playing qualities, and New Zealanders themselves are characteristically enthusiastic over the game. Another very special feature enhances the play at these meetings, at the same time providing an additional stimulus to the energies of the competitors. The provincial association scoring the greatest number of points through its representatives (points being reckoned according to a definitely arranged plan) at the championship tournament, has the right to hold for one year the New Zealand Association "Colours," and have its name inscribed thereon—a neat inducement to get the very best out of the players. The tournament held at Lancaster Park, Christchurch, in December, 1900, marks an epoch in the history of the game in New Zealand. It was the first tournament at which the championships were thrown open to all comers. It was an innovation intended to allow the members of a visiting Victorian team to compete, and, as was only to be expected, these "foreign" entries invested the play with much greater interest than usual. Certainly, the championship was won by Dunlop, but the Victorian had to fully extend himself more than once—a little circumstance in itself, which only goes to show that New Zealanders have reached a fair stage of proficiency in the gentle art. On that occasion the Victorian players—more a pleasure party than a representative team, I grant—were more than surprised with the fine showing of the New Zealanders. It is a fact, I think, that Australian players generally are inclined to rate the play of their "far-off" neighbours very much below its true worth. Curious, what a decided

microscopic effect an expanse of water seems, in most cases, to induce in the long distance view! But New Zealand is in all things progressive, and by no means unambitious, and therefore she is hopeful of some day taking a more prominent part in the wider circle of Australasian Lawn Tennis. The future is decidedly hopeful.

Photo, Fenske.
MR. H. A. PARKER,
Champion of New Zealand, 1902.

Perhaps the best known outside New Zealand of all the players is H. A. Parker, the present champion. His efforts have not been confined to his native country. Sydney has seen him perform, and he has even appeared at Wimbledon. Christchurch born, his first ideas of the game received at Wanganui College, under the tuition of Mr. J. Marshall (champion in 1890), he expanded and developed at Wellington as a member of the Thorndon Club. A typical New Zealander, with very considerable natural aptitude for the game. Short and of slight build, resourceful, with an energetic and business-like action on the court, a wearer of glasses, he affords a happy admixture of judgment, pluck (not always to be measured by

inches), and enthusiasm. He volleys well, is particularly strong on the "smash," frequently uses the "reverse twist" service, but his chief offensive weapon is a most peculiar and perplexing forehand drive. It is unique, and to players who are in the habit of anticipating the direction of their opponents' strokes, very misleading. His manipulation of the racket is entirely his own "patent," and beyond written description. He fairly throws himself bodily into his favourite stroke, at the same time emphasizing the sincerity of the movement with the familiar "Ugh," a species of very hostile meaning grunt. It looks any odds on his hitting the ball with the wooden edge of the racket right up to the last instant, but a remarkably deft turn of the wrist and a swiftly speeding ball soon undeceives you.

Miss NUNNELEY,
New Zealand.

Parker won his first New Zealand championship at Wellington, in December, 1895. He showed very fine all-round form in defeating J. R. Hooper (the champion of the previous year) in the final. The steady, accurate, careful play of the latter was quite unequal to coping with Parker's brilliance and versatility. I happened to be playing cricket with a visiting New South Wales team in Wellington at the time, and the one-sided character of our cricket match enabled me to get a look at the lawn tennis finals. Miss Nunneley, New Zealand's greatest

Miss CONSTANCE LEAN,
New Zealand.

lady exponent of the game, also won her first Colonial championship at this meeting. At the time, a recent arrival from England, her play was quite a revelation to all who witnessed it. She made use of an extremely powerful forehand drive, the most telling variety being from left to right, a strong service, and a backhand, though not brilliant, yet extremely reliable and accurate. Her method was of the "allegro" variety, and really reminded one of nothing so much as a stirring rhapsody of Liszt's. In fact, it was the feature of the tournament, as it has been the feature of many tournaments since. In the following May, at Sydney, she created another sensation by defeating that sterling and experienced player, Miss Howitt, in the challenge round of the ladies' singles. It was a fine match, Miss Howitt, firm and steady as a rock, Miss Nunneley, dashing and brilliant, with a wonderful reserve of lasting powers. She took the lady champion by storm rather than by ambush. This was, perhaps, her greatest success; in the following year she defended, but Miss Howitt made no mistake this time, and regained the coveted title.

It is quite impossible, in a short sketch such as this, to deal with the many players of more or less equal merit,

and whose performances fully entitle them to consideration. There's R. D. Harman (Christchurch), a fine, vigorous exponent of the game, with a specially strong forehand cross-court drive and a sound volley; and J. R. Hooper, the safe and accurate Aucklander; the Rev. J. M. Marshall, of all-round excellence, and C. C. Cox, of Christchurch, an exceptionally fine volleyer who won the singles in '98. All of them champions in their day. J. V. Collins, too, the tall, far-reaching, and brilliant Christchurch player, and M. Fenwicke, whom many people, competent to judge, consider the best all-round player New Zealand has produced. There are other notables who would have to be considered if one were writing a history of the game in New Zealand. That I am not doing, and therefore I content myself with the assurance that there is a considerable amount of latent talent in New Zealand which only requires the opportunity to burst through the barrier of its present isolation.

CHAPTER X

LAWN TENNIS IN INDIA

By P. G. PEARSON

AN article on Lawn Tennis in India must necessarily be partial and incomplete, owing to the enormous distances which would have to be covered in order to visit all the various centres of the game. The matter of distance is perhaps hardly realised, or, at any rate, appreciated at home. The writer, on one occasion, travelled 1500 miles to play in a tournament, and intends shortly to perform the same journey in order to play one match! Further, most players in India are members of one or other of the services, and are therefore obliged to go, and stay, where duty calls them. The man of leisure is a practically unknown phenomenon, and such specimens as these are usually in too much of a hurry about getting over the country to play lawn tennis.

Photo, Soame.
MR. P. G. PEARSON,
Champion of Bengal, 1902.

TYPICAL HILL COURTS, INDIA.

This may serve as some excuse for the poor show frequently made by the Anglo-Indian when pitted against the best English players. Whereas, even the hard-worked enthusiast at home can usually put in two or three London tournaments while actually at work, and can be certain of getting a tournament, if he be so inclined, for each week of his holiday, no Anglo-Indian can hope, unless he be in a station where the game is well played, to get much more than a fortnight's good play during the year. The rest of his lawn tennis will frequently consist of a hybrid mixed double, composed of one lady and three men. Then again, India, if not so polygamous as is often supposed, is essentially "polygame-ous." Most of our leading players are good performers at other games. One cannot stick to a single game, as at home, but must play what game one can get in one's own station, and when the lawn tennis to be had is hardly above the garden party level, the polo-stick, the gun, and the hog-spear can scarcely fail to seduce from his allegiance the most faithful votary of the racket.

Another point is the difference of conditions, which, however, ought not to trouble the lawn tennis player very much. The heat is of course extraordinary—as may be gathered from the fact that it is not uncommon for players to turn out in "shorts," with bare knees, as at football—and in a game like cricket, which must be played in the heat of the day, the play cannot but be affected. This has recently been very noticeable in the first part of the tour of the Authentics, whose poor start must have been in great measure due to the difference of conditions. But whole-day tournaments are unknown in India, and no one, except in the hills, starts tennis even in the cold weather before four o'clock, by which time there is not usually enough glare to matter much. Still,

THE AGRA CLUB COURTS, INDIA.

C. H. MARTIN. ALLEN. NATIVE MARKER. HALL.
PLAYING ON THE MADRAS COURTS.

the atmosphere is much clearer than at home, and one is very liable at first to misjudge distances for this reason. As to the courts, grass courts are unfortunately few and far between. The usual station courts are "kutcha," of caked mud, of loose—very loose—gravel, or else asphalt, and are by no means easy for a player unused to them. But where the grass courts are good, they are very good. One could hardly want better than those at Allahabad—which form a welcome oasis in the most scorching blaze of the hot weather—while there is little fault to be found with those at Agra or Calcutta. The last-named are a trifle slow—a curious phenomenon, considering the power of the sun, but one frequently observable in India, and probably due to the great necessity for watering, which may be carried to excess. The good Indian grass court, however, with its indigo blue screens, is a sight to gladden eyes sore with trying to see a ball which has become the same colour as the kutcha court, and may compare

favourably with almost any English court; and the player in India has the advantage of being able to play on such a court practically the whole year round, and gets his best games in the months during which players in England are confined to covered courts.

Training, while much more difficult than at home, is also a great deal more necessary, for a five-set match here is nearly equivalent to a seven-set match at home, and the thirst engendered by the former would be numerically represented by at least seventy times seven. I have never heard, however, that any of our players except one trains very systematically. The story goes that on one occasion the household with whom Fleming, the many times champion of Bengal, was staying, was roused at 5 a.m. by a deafening uproar proceeding from the room occupied by him; and the scared hosts, on rushing in in various

From a Photo.

THE MADRAS CLUB FROM THE TENNIS COURTS.

(Native Ball-Boys on the Right.)

[illegible] were unmoved by the imperturbable [illegible] "exercising the muscles of [illegible] crossed claymores bore witness to [illegible] But such instances are, I [illegible] England, though a list of the [illegible] the fifth set would furnish [illegible] the value of training.

[illegible] incident which illustrates the [illegible] Davies, having had very [illegible] Gamble for the champion- [illegible] won the first two sets, but [illegible] that time it had become [illegible] On the next day exactly the same thing happened, and [illegible] was not till the third [illegible] that a definite result was arrived at. Davies then [illegible] these sets to love.

[illegible] would be difficult in England to imagine one of [illegible] most important matches [illegible] season having to be [illegible] times over in [illegible] the weather, like [illegible] Association Cup Tie. [illegible] there are [illegible] possibilities [illegible] one side may [illegible] the result may [illegible] The incident [illegible]

is sufficient to turn the scale.

One more story which, in its way, equally illustrates Indian lawn tennis. I was playing recently against a man who, like Caridia, strolled two or three yards into the court after his service, but who had none of Caridia's mastery of the half-volley. I was playing most egregious pat-ball, but they all came to him half-volley, and he missed most of them clean. I explained to him that unless one ran into the net, it paid better to move a yard or two outside the court than a yard or two inside. He replied: "I didn't know you were allowed to stand outside. I thought you must keep inside the lines." Such a rule would add considerably to the duties of umpires!

Photo, Brewis.
MR. RALPH KIDD.

But while we can to a certain extent account for it, we cannot disguise the fact that the players who will have, in the next few years, to avert the "Yankee peril," are not likely to come from India. It is true that an Anglo-Indian pair, Davies and Gamble, reached the semi-final at Wimbledon in 1901, and in 1890, at Calcutta, Gamble and Hechle played Grove and Lacy Sweet the best of three matches, and the former pair won the rubber. This looks as if formerly there were not very much difference between the Anglo-Indian and the home standard, and seems to point to the Double game as the *forte* of players in India. But now, at any rate, the best Indian form is certainly a

[illegible] below the best English form in Singles, and the [illegible] is probably not less. The Double is, [illegible] regarded as a form of exercise owing to the [illegible] there is no great obstacle to its development [illegible] in a country where few [illegible] place of abode, of practising at all [illegible] with the same partner. Perhaps, as a conse- [illegible] are not very much encouraged, and [illegible] in 1902 for the first time as [illegible] championships.

The [illegible]* who have for some time been the [illegible] Fleming, Gamble, Davies, and Kidd, [illegible] were to be picked, the other two places [illegible] from Hechle, Nelson Wright, [illegible] and Higginbotham; and [illegible] years ago would certainly have come [illegible] the best of all, unfortunately stayed [illegible] Such a team would be a very [illegible] might to defeat any English county team, [illegible] Middlesex, or Surrey, at full strength.

[illegible] much to choose between the first four players, the palm would almost certainly be given to Fleming at his best. It is true that Davies defeated him in three straight sets on the only occasion on which they met, and it was said in Calcutta that Gamble was the best player who had been seen there, only he could not last a twelve-set match. But Fleming's record of successes is a formidable one, and considering the length of his career he is entitled to the first place. He is essentially a match player like H. S. Barlow, and, also like Barlow, he will

* EDITOR'S NOTE.—Mr. Pearson modestly refrains from mentioning his own name. As winner last year of the Championship of Bengal, he would certainly be included in the first four.

Photo, Johnston & Hoffman.

MR R. A. GAMBLE.

take on most men at most games. He delights to win matches in the fifth set, and though there are not a few men who can boast of having got one set all or two sets all with him, he would be a bold man who would lay against Fleming at such a score. He has no very severe stroke, but he can keep the ball going for almost any length of time, and there is not much that he has to learn about lobbing. He plays chiefly from the base-line, from which he can "stonewall" till the crack of doom. These points, added to his invariable fitness, have won for him the Championship of Bengal no fewer than six times, and enabled him to win the Cup outright in 1901. Gamble plays with great ease and grace, and is one of those players who never seems to have exerted himself

[illegible] Fleming [illegible] Davies. He [illegible] many a stern [illegible] and he [illegible] Fleming [illegible] however, [illegible] Davies [illegible] in India, and [illegible] He is very aggressive, [illegible] put up a very [illegible] however, [illegible] rather wild, [illegible] the line. [illegible] he has equally good [illegible] at the net and in spite [illegible] the line, or [illegible] would be more likely [illegible] with continued first-class [illegible] the front rank in England. Kidd [illegible] time in Essex, where he used [illegible] with Roper Barrett. He is a variable [illegible] day, as when he and Hechle won the [illegible] Championship of Bengal last year, he is very good [illegible] his quiet style, which may deceive the unwary, [illegible] which is always dangerous. Hechle's [illegible] back many years in Indian Lawn Tennis. He won the Championship of Bengal in 1889 before there was a Cup, and proved that his hand has not lost its cunning by winning the first Doubles Championship last year. Though not so good as any of the above four in Singles, he has a very sound knowledge of the Double game, in which his backhand shot is a most telling one, being played with such a quick turn of the wrist that it is very hard to anticipate its direction.

Though ladies are, of course, a prominent, and even

Photo, Gunn & Stuart.
MR. J. H. HECHLE

predominant, feature of the ordinary Station game, they do not play nearly so important a part in the leading tournaments as at home. For one thing the heat, except in the hills, is too great for ladies' Singles, and there are not usually enough ladies to form ladies' Doubles. No doubt, as a consequence, Indian tournaments seem to be taken rather more seriously, and made more of a business, and less of a social function, than those at home. It would perhaps be wiser not to attempt to estimate the gulf between the best ladies' form out here and that at home, but the average is by no means low. The best-known players are Mrs. Lamond Walker, possessed of great activity and able to return most strokes; Miss Warburton, who has a beautiful backhand shot; Mrs. Grimston, a very pretty player; Mrs. Mawdsley, and the Misses Martin.

[illegible] which seems to be the [illegible] in India is that it is at [illegible] It is played [illegible] India, but it is [illegible] very necessary [illegible] the fair sex [illegible] with any particular keenness about [illegible] there is no [illegible] in the way of tournaments, [illegible] There is no competition [illegible] India. The [illegible] which was advertised as [illegible] looked like a [illegible] as there was [illegible] The principal tournaments—[illegible] and the Punjab—took [illegible] the same week from which it [illegible] there was a very large lawn tennis [illegible] that half-[illegible] English players should take up their [illegible] permanently in India a great [illegible] be looked for. This, how-[illegible] longevity.

[illegible] It must be [illegible] Lawn tennis [illegible] be eminently suited [illegible] requiring as it does skill and [illegible] strength. The only necessary [illegible] be lacking is, [illegible] great promise as [illegible] and could probably [illegible] player if he stuck to [illegible] believe that his [illegible] quickness of move

ment, and keenness of eye, are uncommon among his countrymen. But no Ranjit Sinhji of lawn tennis has yet appeared. This is probably due to the devotion of the Indian gentleman to polo, though of course cricket is played, and played well, in the native schools and colleges. At present, the only good native lawn tennis players, so far as I know, are professional markers, and of these there are not very many. The Maharajah of Kapurthala has two, and there are others scattered about at the various provincial capitals. The best of them is the Allahabad marker, Ilahi, and there are, I think, only two European professionals, Burke and Kerr, superior to him. He is probably the best player that India or Anglo-India can produce. We shall have to wait, then, until Indian gentlemen take up lawn tennis with the same keenness with which most of them play polo, and some of them play cricket. But when that event takes place, a championship of India would almost certainly be

Photo, Hossain.

ILAHI,
The Allahabad Marker.

On the whole, the impression which seems to be the correct one about lawn tennis in India, is that it is present more or less in a stagnant condition. It is perhaps probably more than any other game in India, but it is usually played as a means of getting very needed exercise, or as one of the pastimes in which the fair sex take part, rather than with any particular keenness about the game, or desire to improve at it; for there is no particular stimulus as a rule, in the way of tournaments to produce such a desire. There is no competition carrying with it the title of champion of India. The great international tournament which was advertised as part of the programme at the Delhi Durbar looked like a step in this direction, but it was abandoned as there was so much else to do. Two of the principal tournaments—the championships of Bengal and of the Punjab—took place in 1902 during the same week, from which it would not appear that there was a very large lawn tennis playing public to cater for. If fortune ordained that half-a-dozen first-class English players should take up their residence [illegible] or less permanently in India, a great improvem[illegible] doubtless be looked for. This, how-[illegible] tingency.

[illegible] edy to come? It must be [illegible] aristocracy. Lawn tennis [illegible] ink to be eminently suited [illegible] ring, as it does, skill and [illegible] h. The only necessary [illegible] sidered to be lacking is, [illegible] howed great promise as [illegible], and could probably [illegible] is player if he stuck to [illegible] n to believe th[illegible] quickness o[illegible]

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